The Outlook

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The Democratic Campaign

The State election in Maine resulted in a substantial victory for the united Republican party. Out of a total vote of about 138,500, the Republican candidate for Governor, William T. Haines, had a majority of about 4,000. His opponent, Governor Plaisted, was reported the day before election to have predicted his own re-election by ten thousand more votes than he had two years ago. The Republicans have a small majority in both branches of the Legislature. The conservatives and Progressives throughout the campaign held squarely to their agreement to make the campaign without regard to their differences on National questions, and the sole deduction to be made from the result as regards the November election is that the Democrats are relatively weaker in Maine than they were two years ago and that those Democrats who have predicted an overwhelming Democratic wave can find no support for their theory in the Maine figures. In Connecticut the Democrats have renominated Governor Baldwin with practically no opposition. In New Jersey Governor Wilson has characterized the proposed candidacy of James Smith, Jr., for the United States Senate as "the most fatal step backward that the Democrats of New Jersey could take" and of "sinister import," but as yet Governor Wilson's New Jersey adherents have not united upon a candidate to oppose Mr. Smith. It has been semi-officially announced that Governor Wilson is not "directly or indirectly to interfere in the selection of New York's Democratic candidate for Governor;" in a speech before an informal conference at Syracuse Governor Wilson said: "The only chance for a new party is that both the old parties should be discredited. One of the old parties is discredited; ours shall not be." He believed that New York would lead the way, but common report indicates that Murphy's Tammany influence is still strong in the party, and so strong a Democratic paper as the New York "World" declares that to renominate Governor Dix would be to continue Murphy's domination, asserting also that "any State ticket nominated by Murphy at Syracuse will be beaten."

The Progressive Campaign

In the Far West Mr. Roosevelt has had immense audiences in Tacoma, Portland, Seattle, and elsewhere, and there is abundant evidence of the growing strength of the new party and its ideas. Out of many notable utterances by Mr. Roosevelt on the live issues of the campaign we select one which supplements his editorial on another page: "We propose a real and not a fake regulation and control of big business, and that we are to be taken at our word. We have not hesitated to say that we favor any business, no matter how big, if it is honest. I am against the corrupt business man, not because he is big, but because he is corrupt. A big business which treats its rivals fairly, its customers fairly, its wage-workers fairly, its stockholders fairly—such a business is a help and not a hurt to the community, and it is a lamentable thing when business of that type makes common cause against us with corrupt business." Among recent announced adhesions to the new National party are those of Governor Bass, of New Hampshire, and Mr. Robert G. Valentine, who resigns the office of Indian Commissioner in Mr. Taft's Administration to take part in the Progressive campaign. In a statement accompanying his resignation Mr. Valentine says that the Republican party through its leaders have pushed aside the programme of the Progressives and as a result the Progressive party has been born and carries with it the true hope for the future. He adds: "The work of the Indian Service is from every honorable point of view a non-political work

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of social service. I would not now leave it except for what seems to me a pressing obligation to take part in the larger work of the Progressive party on the same lines." Statements of contributions made to campaign funds have been made, with no startling revelations, by the National Committees of both Democrats and Progressives, while the Republican Committee stands on the letter of the law and will make no financial statement until after October 20.

Mexico and the United States

Not the least of Mexico's troubles is the dread of all factions that the United States may intervene in its affairs. This fear is not potent enough to make all Mexicans unite patriotically in putting their own house in order, but is so far prevalent as to stir up and keep awake the "anti-Yankee" feeling which has existed for years. On the other hand, American capitalists interested in Mexican industrial matters are naturally impatient to see an end put to the semi-anarchical condition which has so long existed in certain provinces. The railways and mines in particular have serious causes for complaint, and it is not surprising that the Southern Pacific road last week filed complaints with the United States Government, which could in response do nothing more than urge the Mexican Government to hasten its measures for restoring order. It is, of course, imaginable that a state of things may come to exist in Mexico which shall require intervention on our part. If it does, we must first convince ourselves, and then show the world, that those facts constitute, not an excuse, but a necessity. The tremendous task of restoring by force order in Mexico against the wishes of all Mexicans must not be taken up lightly or with the object of serving special interests. Yet whenever the situation on the border, as between the Federals and the rebels, becomes at all critical, as it has been lately, there seems to be a concerted newspaper effort to convince people that, right or wrong, intervention is imminent. Last week, for instance, elaborate and rather solemn assertions were made the country over that President Taft was about to call a special session of Congress to authorize the invasion of Mexico; the New York "Sun" asserted editorially that "pressure is being brought upon Mr. Taft to intervene;" and despatches from El Paso said, "The army officers here were jubilant to-day at the tone of the news from Beverly, hoping that intervention will come soon. They are tired of the monotony of the border vigil and would welcome intervention." However much or little there may have been in this flurry of excitement, the press of the country spoke out so clearly against sensational or premature action that nothing alarming has followed. Thus, the New York "Evening Post," after pointing out the vagueness of the causes alleged for immediate action and the calm which exists among English and Canadian investors in Mexico as contrasted with the "excited and hysterical talk in Washington," almost tearfully warns the President that "if he should intervene—whether by military action taken unconstitutionally, without the consent of Congress, or whether through action of Congress suddenly precipitated by a call for a special session—it is upon the shoulders of President Taft, and nowhere else, that the whole responsibility for the ensuing bloodshed and for evil consequences lasting far into the years of the future must actually rest." We do not imagine that the danger of precipitate action by President or Congress is just now serious, but there is always a possibility of sudden excitement growing out of a wave of anger at some real or reported wrong, and it should be made thoroughly evident that any action taken in Mexican affairs by this country must be carefully considered and understood in advance by the people as well as by the State Department and the Executive.

The Funeral of Mutsuhito

Last week Thursday at Tokyo the funeral of Mutsuhito, the late Japanese Emperor, began. The somber coloring associated with mourning in this country and Europe was replaced by brilliant hues in which century-old costumes mingled with modern military display. Official representatives from all nations participated in the solemnities. Our own representative was Mr. Knox, Secretary of State; Great Britain's was Prince Arthur of Connaught, the King's cousin; Germany's, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Emperor's brother; Spain's, Don Alfonso, the Spanish King's cousin, etc. The Emperor's body has lain in state since August 13. The casket measures nearly ten feet by five, and weighs one and a half tons. The chief feature of the first day's ceremonies was the obeisance paid to the late monarch's

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spirit by three processions—that of the new Emperor Yoshihito, that of the Empress, and that of the Dowager Empress. The Emperor appeared in the full uniform of Commander-in-Chief, with black crêpe arm-band and sword-knot. The Empress and Dowager Empress, as well as all the court ladies and maids of honor, were attired in native court dress, made of hemp cloth, the upper garment being of dark brown and the skirt of dull orange. All these ladies wore their hair unbound. The music consisted of a soft dirge on instruments resembling flutes and drums. The Chief Shinto Ritualist and his assistants removed the hanging screen in front of the catafalque, proffered offerings of sacred food, and recited prayers for the dead. The most solemn act of all was when the Emperor, Empress, and other members of the royal house worshiped the spirit of the departed Emperor. A short silence ensued. The processions were reformed and the members of the Imperial family retired. The second part of the funeral took place at night, when the cortège started on its journey to Monoyama, near Kyoto, the ancient capital. Imposing as had been the ceremonial, attended by great dignitaries, at the Imperial Palace earlier in the day, the passage of the funeral car through the streets of Tokyo at night was even more impressive. Hundreds of thousands of people stood in absolute silence along the route, their silence in dramatic contrast to the appearance of the streets, brilliantly lighted by torches. Between the torches were placed large sacred trees, and at frequent intervals there were black and white cloth-covered poles surmounted by wreaths of evergreen. To the wailing notes of a Shinto dirge the coffin was wheeled in solemn procession from the main hall of the palace and placed in the funeral car. On each side of the casket walked high officials of the household carrying lighted candles, and following it were the Grand Master of Ceremonies, bearing the departed monarch's own sword, and the Master of the Household, carrying the Imperial sword of state. Then came attendants wearing hemp garments and bearing torches. Others carried drums and musical instruments of ancient types, on which they played funeral dirges. Following these walked retainers bearing white and yellow silk damask banners representing the sun and the moon. The royal family and the foreign princes and special embassies, including Secretary Knox, did not take part in this ceremony, but went directly to Aoyama. Of the significance of the startling suicide of General Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, and of his wife, we shall speak next week. On the same day in New York City about six hundred Japanese gathered at the Carnegie Lyceum for a memorial service. The audience rose when Dr. Jokichi Takamine, the noted Japanese chemist, opened the services with a eulogy of the late Emperor. When he closed his address the curtain was raised on a portrait of the Emperor. The audience rose again while Consul-General Numano stood before the picture and read an address in praise of the late ruler. On the following night other memorial exercises for the dead Emperor were held at Carnegie Hall by the Japan Society of America, in conjunction with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Dr. Harris, Methodist Bishop of Japan and Korea, presided.

Arthur MacArthur

The sudden death at Milwaukee of Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur calls attention to a true soldier and to a great epoch. The soldier has passed; the epoch is passing. Arthur MacArthur was one of the boys who went to the front in '61. And they were boys—they were not embryo soldiers. But the man was in the boy. The seventeen-year-old lad of slight, unmilitary build, who actually induced the Governor of Wisconsin to give him an adjutancy in the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Regiment, was the same boy who, when the regiment encountered its first stiff fight—at Stone River—and lost half its complement in the engagement, won his first spurs by an instant display of executive ability. And at Missionary Ridge, after two color-bearers of his regiment had been shot down, the boy won a medal of honor by taking up the colors, leading sixty other battle-flags up to the crest of the Ridge, and planting the colors there. He was the youngest commissioned officer in the war. He became Major and commanded his regiment at Kenesaw and thereafter. He was wounded at the battle of Franklin, and received a colonelcy for his work on that day. At the close of the war he had gained a commission as Lieutenant in the regular army; for, having proved that he was born to be a soldier, it was natural that he should pass into the military service. He spent the next twenty years fighting Indians. He became a Captain and Major in the

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regular army, and when the Spanish-American War opened was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He was sent to the Philippines, captured the town of Malate, and prepared the way for the taking of Manila. He became a Brigadier-General and a Major-General in the regular army—the youngest of our major-generals at the time. In 1899 he commanded a division, under the general direction of General Otis, against Aguinaldo's army, and later succeeded Otis as Commander-in-Chief. This campaign employed a larger army and involved more severe fighting than did the campaign against Santiago the previous year. In 1901 General MacArthur assumed command of the Department of the Colorado, from which he was transferred to that of the Department of the Lakes, to the Department of the East, and then to the Department of California. He finally became Lieutenant-General. From first to last Arthur MacArthur enjoyed the respect and confidence of his fellow-soldiers. He was a modest man, with no "frills." He was a gentleman. As a soldier, like Bayard, he was "without fear and without reproach." It seemed appropriate that death should suddenly call him while he was speaking at the reunion of his old Wisconsin regiment. The hundred comrades stood about his chair, recited the Lord's Prayer, and covered the mortal remains of the "boy adjutant" of a half-century ago with the flag he had once planted on Missionary Ridge.

Rumors of Peace Between Italy and Turkey

The reported bombardment by Italy of a Turkish town on the coast of Asia Minor calls attention to what Italy has already won from Turkey during the present war. Not only is the entire Tripolitan coast of Africa in Italy's possession, but also Rhodes and the other eleven Sporades Islands in the eastern part of the Ægean Sea. As in Tripoli, so in the islands, Italy has introduced the use of her own postage stamps, has brought thither machinery and material for deepening ports and building roads, and has begun those labors. Meanwhile Turkey is suffering from other troubles—not only the conquest of the Tripolitan coast by Italy, but also with a threatening by Russia of a concentration of troops on the Russian frontier, a similar threat by Bulgaria, and an actual mobilization by Austria. In the face of all this, Turkey's ostensible attitude is thus expressed by an editorial in the "Jeune Turc" of Constantinople:

> Let them do their worst; we will not surrender. We are quite aware that alone we have not the strength to oppose a serious resistance to a combined attack by Italy, Russia, Bulgaria, and Greece, with the assistance or connivance of other Powers. Whatever happens, the Turkish nation will not submit to a slow death by exhaustion, but would prefer to die with honor.
>
> If Europe denies our right of existence, rather than accept dishonor we shall be ready to fight in case of need against the whole world, and to sacrifice ourselves even without the least hope of victory.
>
> This is the firm decision of the Ottomans; they are watching events with calmness and serenity. Their state of mind is that of a person condemned to death, who has nothing further to fear.

This is the kind of thing which the Government has allowed to go out for home consumption. With the establishment of a new Cabinet, however, there has been a change. The venerable Kiamil Pasha, President of the Council, was recently reported as saying that "Turkey would readily accept impartial mediation between herself and Italy. We would welcome the offices of any fair-minded Power. . . ." The Government appears to have gone further; for during the past month there have been meetings in Switzerland of unofficial—so it is said—ambassadors from Turkey and Italy with the object of seeing if some means of ending the war may not be brought about. It has been repeatedly stated without contradiction that an agreement has now been reached.

A New Library Building for Harvard

Among the most valuable treasures in America is the library of Harvard University. It is not only the fourth in size among American libraries—those of Congress, of New York City, and of Boston only surpassing it in number of volumes—but it is the repository of some of the most highly prized of irreplaceable books and manuscripts in the world. To say that this great collection is adequately housed is an understatement that almost amounts to falsehood. The condition under which these books are stored has long been a reproach to the country and a source of anxious concern to the University authorities. For the better part of a generation the need of a new and suitable building for this great literary treasure has been notorious, and with every year the situation has become less and less tolerable. It is a

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matter, therefore, for gratification not only to the men of Harvard but to all Americans that there is now the promise of a building in size, dignity, and, what is most important of all, facilities for the preservation and use of the books, commensurate with the great collection itself. The promised building is to be the gift of Mrs. George D. Widener, of Philadelphia, who will erect it as a memorial to her son, who with his father was one of the heroic victims of the Titanic disaster, a loyal and generous son of Harvard, Harry Elkins Widener. After his death it was made known that Harry Elkins Widener had left to the University his extraordinarily valuable and rare, though comparatively small, collection of manuscripts and books; and it was understood that there was to be built a small building, probably as a wing in a future University library building, which would serve both to meet the conditions of the will and to memorialize the giver. Now this plan is of course superseded by the immensely greater one. Some idea of the character of this building may be conveyed by the statement that it will probably exceed in cost a million dollars, that it will hold about two and a half millions of volumes, and that there will be about fifty-nine miles of shelves. It is announced in the Boston "Transcript," from which we take this information, which we are officially informed is substantially correct, that the plans have already been drawn by Horace Trumbauer for this building, that it will be erected on the site now occupied by Gore Hall, the present library building, and that ground will be broken for it "within a few days." The building will not only provide for the housing of the various collections included in the library, and for the usual catalogue and reading rooms, but also for rooms where instructors may meet their classes within easy reach of the reference books, private rooms for the use not only of Harvard professors but of visiting scholars, and other smaller rooms called "cubicles," in which a student may gather together his books for comparison and study without interruption. With this building the practical value of the library as a place for work will be incalculably enhanced.

Mental Hygiene: Its Importance

It is doubtful whether many people realize the prevalence of insanity in some of its numerous forms. On January 1, 1910, the date of the last available statistics, there were 187,454 insane persons in institutions in the United States, a number which exceeds the combined enlisted strength of the United States Army, United States Navy, and United States Marine Corps; and it also exceeds the number of students who were enrolled in all colleges and universities in the United States upon that date. The cost of caring for the insane in public institutions represents a sum which is amazing to those who have not had the matter brought to their attention. It costs a little over thirty-two million dollars a year to care for the patients suffering from mental diseases in the public institutions in the United States. This is equal to or even somewhat greater than the annual expenditure for the construction of the Panama Canal. The amount expended in 1910 for the care of the insane in public institutions exceeded the amount appropriated by Congress for the support of the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Departments of the Federal Government. To this great sum must be added the economic loss to the country through the withdrawal from productive labor of so many people in the prime of life. It has been ascertained that the average value to the community of an adult between the ages of eighteen and forty-five is seven hundred dollars a year. Upon this basis the economic loss to the country through insanity is over one hundred and thirty million dollars a year, which amount taken together with the annual institutional cost is more than one hundred and sixty-four million dollars—a sum equaling the entire annual value of the wheat, corn, tobacco, and dairy and beef products exported from the United States. A still more striking illustration of the social and economic importance of the problems connected with mental diseases is afforded by the consideration of the situation in a single State like New York. The amount appropriated for the care of the insane during the past year in New York was twenty-three per cent of the total expenditure of the State. Compare this with the other fields of State expenditure: education, twenty-four per cent; public works and conservation, thirteen per cent; prisons and reformatories, four per cent; the Legislature, four per cent; the militia, two per cent; health and quarantine, one per cent; and care of all other wards of the State, such as the epileptic, feeble-minded, blind, crippled, disabled soldiers and sailors, eight per cent. To the layman these startling figures must give some impression of a fact which some

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scientists and physicians deeply realize, namely, that modern civilization must take hold of the problem of insanity with vigor, energy, and scientific skill. The hopeful thing about what appears to be on the surface a situation of despair is that insanity is not, as our forefathers used to believe it to be, an "act of God," but is a disease which can to a very large degree be prevented and to a considerable degree cured by mental and physical hygiene.

Mental Hygiene: A Unique Exhibit

There are various agencies in existence for the study of the terrible problem briefly outlined in the foregoing paragraph. One of the best of these agencies is the recently organized National Committee for Mental Hygiene, the executive office of which is at 50 Union Square, New York City. The Committee states its chief objects to be the following: "To work for the protection of the mental health of the public; to help raise the standard of care for those threatened with mental disorder or actually ill; to promote the study of mental disorders in all their forms and relations, and to disseminate knowledge concerning their causes, treatment, and prevention; to obtain from every source reliable data regarding conditions and methods of dealing with mental disorders; to enlist the aid of the Federal Government, so far as may seem desirable; to co-ordinate existing agencies and help organize in each State of the Union an allied but independent Society for Mental Hygiene." In pursuance of the work thus outlined the National Committee for Mental Hygiene has prepared an exhibit devoted to the "hygiene of the mind" which will constitute a part of the Fifteenth International Congress on Hygiene that, held for the first time in the United States, meets on September 23 at Washington, D. C. The last Congress was held in Berlin on September 17, 1907. Twenty-seven Governments and forty-two States will be represented by delegates at the meeting at Washington, and the scientific programme will include a vast number of papers dealing with the public health. The exhibit on mental hygiene, which marks the beginning of a noteworthy movement in a branch of preventive medicine hitherto much neglected, will constitute a part of the general health exhibit of the Congress. It will be open to the public. The Mental Hygiene Exhibit presents in graphic form facts concerning the prevalence, the cause, the cure, and the care of mental diseases. It shows, in a way which the layman can easily understand, that insanity, like tuberculosis or typhoid or smallpox, can not only often be cured, but can more often be prevented. Mental disease is still too often regarded with the same fatalistic attitude with which tuberculosis was generally regarded less than a generation ago, and it is hoped that one of the results of the Mental Hygiene Exhibit will be a public awakening equaling that which took place a few years ago with reference to tuberculosis. How public-spirited citizens of wealth can help in the immensely important work of alleviating and to some extent eradicating the suffering and loss brought about by insanity is shown by the generous gift recently made by Mr. Henry Phipps, of New York, of a Psychopathic Hospital and Clinic to Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore. This institution, which will soon be open, will not only treat cases of mental disorder in the earliest and most curable stages, but will enable scientists and students of medicine and hygiene to obtain facts regarding insanity as a disease which will extend the work of cure and prevention throughout the country. Here is a field which may well engage the attention of social workers and private philanthropists.

Christian Missions: Healing the Sick

We wish that those of our readers who are skeptical respecting the usefulness of Christian missions in foreign lands could and would read with some attention the annual report of the Presbyterian Mission Hospital in Miraj, India, established in 1892 in connection with the Western India Mission of the Presbyterian Church. This hospital has two permanent physicians, who are Americans; eight medical assistants, who are natives; an ordained missionary, and a number of other assistants. The motto of the hospital is, "They serve God well who serve his creatures;" and this is printed in the Indian language, and is the missionary message of the hospital to all the natives. The patients are, of course, all, or nearly all, natives, most of whom but for this hospital would have practically no opportunity for medical treatment at all. Statistics are not a very interesting way of reporting the work accomplished by such an institution as this; yet the fact that the hospital reports 13,326 total treatments at Miraj, and 37,097 treatments

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including both Miraj and out-stations, with 1,700 surgical operations and 1,607 eye operations, will at least indicate to the reader the extent of the service which this Christian mission is rendering to God's creatures. In connection with this service is an evangelistic work carried on by the missionary and his native assistants, a Sunday-school taught by medical assistants, nurses, and women missionaries, and a medical school which last year graduated thirteen students, all but one of them Christians. Churchmen are sometimes accused of being narrow-minded; nor is this accusation wholly groundless. But it really seems to us that no narrow-mindedness in any ecclesiastic of any Church quite equals the narrow-mindedness of the man who scoffs at missionary work in foreign lands, in the face of the official report of such a work of helping and healing as this.

Christian Missions: Social Regeneration

The service of Christian missions in foreign lands is not, however, confined to helping and healing the body. Nor is its influence to be measured by the number of Christian converts gathered in its chapels. To repeat here what is said more particularly on another page in a Letter to Unknown Friends, what in our time we call Christianity, Jesus of Nazareth called life, or sometimes eternal life. What Christian missions are giving to pagan lands is new life, seen, it is true, in a new philanthropic spirit, but also seen in a new social consciousness, in new ideals of liberty and justice, in a new experience of reverence, founded not on fear but on love, not paralyzing activity, as the religion of fear always does, but inspiring to activity, as the religion of love always does. When a young boy, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the provisional President of the new Republic of China, lived for a year or more in the family of a Christian missionary. During this period he studied in a Christian school, read and committed to memory much of the New Testament, overcame his native prejudices, and had his mind prepared for future study in Honolulu and in the United States. To this training may be traced the clause in his first proclamation; that in favor of religious liberty for all classes in China. With this proclamation of religious liberty came the rapid development of a new educational system, and the demand made by the progressives in China for the aid of Christians in creating a new type of school and a new educational and religious literature that will answer the demands of millions of men for a religion that will promote modern progress along all lines of life. The missionaries in China perceive with growing clearness of vision and eagerness of desire this need, and the necessity for a union of the various churches in co-operative effort to meet the need. The task is too vast for any single communion, too difficult for all of them together acting independently. Much has already been accomplished through interdenominational co-operation in educational work at large centers, but the new situation demands more than co-operation; it demands a massing, organizing, and directing of the Christian forces as one united force. The Roman Catholics, who were first in the field, have the largest following, with nearly 1,300,000 members and adherents, and more than 100,000 pupils in their schools and orphanages. They present a fairly united front. There are over seventy Protestant organizations working for a common end, but not under a common head, though with much more spirit of co-operation, looking forward toward organic combination, than in the past. In this work the Americans take the lead. About one-half of the four thousand Protestant missionaries in China are supported by the societies representing five leading American communions—the Methodist, Episcopalian, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Congregational. How to develop the present co-operation between these societies into a combination which will involve an obliteration of denominational lines and an ignoring of historical and doctrinal differences, so that they shall present to the Chinese a simple Christianity divested of its divisive difficulties, is perhaps the foremost missionary problem in the field at the present day.

Roman Catholics and Boy Scouts

The latest News Service Bulletin sent out from the headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America contains some welcome information. It is that, "as a result of the indorsement of the Boy Scout movement by Cardinal Farley in America and Cardinal Bourne in England, and other Catholics in both countries, a tremendous impetus has been given to the Boy Scouts of America by Catholic clergymen and laymen throughout this country." A troop of Boy Scouts, so we are informed, has been organized in St.

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Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, to be, as Cardinal Farley wishes wherever Catholic boys are concerned, under a priest's supervision. At a recent meeting of the Holy Name Society several priests gave the movement their approval, in particular the Rev. John T. Hughes, of New Rochelle, New York. He said that he had tried everything to interest the boys, but that he could not get enough of them together to form a "corporal's guard" until he formed the Boy Scouts. Now he has a waiting list! He recommended the movement to all spiritual directors. In England the Boy Scouts are making similar progress. Bishop Butt praises them in these words:

From the Catholic point of view the Scout movement seems to me to be altogether admirable, provided always that it is carried out on the lines traced by General Sir Robert Baden-Powell. The fact that the natural virtues are taught to the boys in a most attractive way is in itself a very great good; the chaplain, being practically supreme in religious matters, has every opportunity of providing that solid, supernatural basis for those virtues which the Faith alone can supply. More than this, they find in the numberless acts of unselfishness and self-control suggested and encouraged by the Scout Law, many ready-made practical applications of the moral lessons which flow from the doctrines that it is his duty to teach. Like every good thing, the movement is capable of abuse; but I am convinced that, so long as the wisely conceived principles of the Chief Scout are adhered to, Catholics may not only safely join in the movement by establishing troops, but have everything to gain by doing so.

The Rev. Father Jarrett justly points out a particular value of the Scout Movement, namely, its appeal to the spirit of adventure in boy life:

It captivates this part of his nature (the pirate, in Robert Louis Stevenson's famous definition of a boy, "part poet, part pirate, and part pig"), and gives it a legitimate outlet without which it would turn to very evil uses.

The Scout Law also (especially now that the observance of purity has been added) is a very fair adjunct to the teachings of the Catholic Church. Without alteration, these laws can be easily taught from a Catholic point of view, and explained in the full sense of the Church's teaching. Thus is the Baden-Powell movement in our eyes perfected, and the precepts of Catholic discipline expounded in a form and at a time favorable to an eager acceptance on the part of the Scout.

Our Scientific Visitors

Several gatherings of a scientific character have attracted to this country of late many of the most eminent technical experts of the world. Especially notable has been the unusual plan adopted by the American Geographical Society, which invited some forty European scientists to make an extended trip through America as the guests of the Society. The plan will perhaps result in wider knowledge and more varied study than could any formal meeting to listen to endless technical papers. Recently the visiting scientists spent their first days in New York City; and under the guidance of their American friends studied, not merely the outward geography of the metropolis, but its topography, its building laws, the weather bureau, the geological features, the ocean borders; and in short trips to neighboring regions they even studied such questions as those of the abandoned farm and the production of coal. The entire excursion is to cover some two months, and will extend to the Pacific coast, including a majority of the States in the Union; and in every locality committees of American scientists will make this study of our country by foreigners thorough and interesting, and will see that the social as well as the scientific side is cared for. At the same time we have had in New York several hundred of the most distinguished foreign chemists, and a still larger number of chemists from our own country; altogether there has been an attendance of about three thousand at the eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry. The official sessions have taken place in New York City; but the delegates have been invited to take part in various scientific gatherings and investigations in other parts of America. It is interesting to note that among the delegates are famous men from Japan, Germany, France, Norway, and many other lands. That the discussions have had more than a technical interest is shown by the fact that among the topics were the manufacture of artificial rubber, the "conquest of the air by chemistry" (by which is meant the substituting for the nitrates so essential to plant growth, and now growing scarce, nitrogen drawn from the air, a process which is now in commercial operation), the possibility of substituting sunlight for coal, the production of synthetic ammonia, and synthetic chemistry generally. Still another meeting of scientists from all parts of the world has been that of the sixth triennial Congress of the International Association for Testing Materials, which brought together in New York City some six hundred delegates from twenty-seven different nations. The papers before the Congress

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have been read in three languages—English, French, and German. To the layman the title of the Association would indicate a somewhat limited technical field; but engineers of all kinds recognize the basic value of the scientific work it carries on, and this is indicated also by the fact that the question of establishing a uniform test for steel rails was one of those most thoroughly discussed.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

II—THE PARTY TEMPERAMENTS

Differences in politics, as in religion, are not wholly due to differences in judgment; they are also due to differences in temperament and in consequent habits of mind. Three fundamental differences in temperament are strikingly illustrated in the three political parties—the Republican, the Democratic, and the Progressive.

The Republican party appeals to those who are temperamentally disinclined to change. Men of this temperament are content with present conditions. Their motto is, "Let well enough alone." It is true that there are some social evils. But time and natural law will correct most of them, and special legislation can be devised to remedy the rest. Monopoly? If competition is free, it will step in to claim a share of the extravagant profits and will break up the monopoly. Concentration of wealth? Death, disaster, speculation will in time distribute the wealth. Poverty? American energy and enterprise may be trusted to secure a fair opportunity and a fair wage for most men, and voluntary charity will do the rest. Crime? Yes! There is too much crime. But we must be patient. Education and religion are the only cure, and the processes of education and religion are slow.

There are evils, it is true, but then—if this is not the best of all possible worlds, this is the best of all actual countries. Where will you find a better? The farmers are paying off their mortgages, the workingmen are getting good wages, the dinner-pail is full. If some of the men work ten or even twelve hours a day, why not? They would rather be paid for twelve hours than for eight. It is true, there has been a brief period of depression. There always will be brief periods of depression—from time to time. But it is over now. The Agricultural Department reports good crops. The country is prosperous, with promise of greater prosperity. Why agitate? Why stir up discontent? Let well enough alone.

Such is the temperament which characterizes Mr. Taft's speech of acceptance. It is the temperament which will characterize the speeches and the editorials of his party's representatives. It is the creed of the stationary. It is the philosophy of content. It will attract those of the prosperous who lack either the imagination to see the lives of the unprosperous, or the sympathy to share their burdens. There have been times when this has been an effective argument. But happily those times are in the past. A rapidly diminishing minority respond to this philosophy. It does not appeal to either the idealism, the humanity, or the enterprise of the American public.

The Democratic party appeals to those who are dissatisfied with present conditions and desire to return to the conditions of a previous age. They look to the past for their ideals; they wish to return to the simplicity of the fathers. There are men who in theology go back for their belief to the creeds of the sixteenth century, or even to those of the fourth, and regard all new doctrine as heresy; men who ride in Pullman cars, but regret the stage-coach; men who live in steam-heated houses, but think they would like to return to stoves and open fires; men with a bath-room on every floor, who love to linger over the memory of their boyhood bath on Saturday night in the tub before the kitchen fire; men who sigh for the good old times, but who would not live contented in such times now—no, not for a week!

These are extreme illustrations; but the class is large that looks backward, not forward, for improvement. The social evils of our time seem to them, not relics of an age from which we are emerging, but incidentals of a degenerate age on which we are entering. Eden is in the past; life since then has been a succession of "falls." This philosophy of regret is an inheritance from the writings of Rousseau. These reformers wish, or think they wish, to get back as nearly as possible to nature. They lament the modern city, and forget ancient Rome; regard the tenement-house as a modern invention, and know not that it existed in the first century; think the demagogue is a creation of Amer-

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ican democracy, and remember not Catiline; wonder what the world is coming to with its gambling and its drunkenness, forgetting that the soldiers gambled at the foot of the Cross, and Christians in Corinth got drunk at the Lord's Table; would go back to the piety and patriotism of the early days of the Republic, when graft robbed the American soldiers at Valley Forge, and political corruption tried to drive Washington from the head of the American army.

In politics the men of this temperament desire to make the principles and policies of the fathers in 1787 the standard for their children in 1912. They are Progressives in that they desire to get away from the present; but they desire to do so by going back into the past. The Constitution of Alabama declared, for aught we know still declares, that "the sole and only legitimate end of government is to protect the citizen in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property, and when the government assumes other functions it is usurpation and oppression." Mr. Lecky declares that this "expresses admirably the best spirit of American statesmanship." The looking-backward Progressive agrees with Mr. Lecky. He regrets to see government assuming any other functions or intrusted with any new powers. He wishes the understanding of the Constitution in 1787 to bind the Nation in 1912; tradition, not practical efficiency, to determine its meaning; the Federal Government to exercise no greater authority in a Nation of ninety millions than in a Nation of four millions. He reluctantly concedes to himself that this is not quite possible; but the nearer we can keep to this ideal the better. He was afraid to have the Federal Government undertake any supervision of the railways. He is afraid to have any commission or bureau created to exercise supervision over the great corporations. He dreads the era of combination, and desires to go back to the era of competition.

Such is the temperament which seems to us to characterize Governor Wilson's speech of acceptance. It is not extreme, for he is not an extreme man. But it regards the social evils of our time as due to a departure from the principles and the spirit of our forefathers. It proposes no definite remedies except such as are involved in a return to those principles and that spirit. This is implied rather than affirmed; but it is implied by what Governor Wilson says no less than by what he omits to say. And the temperament of a leader is always better deduced from the implications than from the direct affirmations of his speech. "The Nation has awakened to a sense of neglected ideals and neglected duties." We once had the ideals; let us return to them. We once performed the duties; let us renew the performance. We must "vindicate once more the essential rights of human life." We once did vindicate them; let us go back and vindicate them again. "Our task now is to effect a great readjustment and get the forces of the whole people once more into play." They formerly were in play; let us go back and get them into play again. Tariff duties have created monopoly. "Trusts have owed their origin and their secure power to them." Let us go back, if not to free trade, to a freer trade, and the trusts will fall. This tariff "has made the business men of one of the most virile and enterprising nations in the world timid, fearful, full of alarms." We must return to them their lost self-confidence and reinspire in them their lost spirit of enterprise.

This is the language of a statesman who is not content with existing conditions, who does not believe that the present discontent is caused by sensational journalists and muckrakers, who is not satisfied to "let well enough alone" and merely prescribe occasional remedies for occasional ills if necessity requires. He believes in forming a definite policy and in carrying it out intelligently and courageously. But he believes that the evils are mainly due to the Nation's departure from ideals which it formerly possessed and its neglect of duties which it formerly performed; that the remedy is a return to the ideals of our forefathers, a resumption "once more" of their spirit and methods, and a revival of the virile and enterprising qualities which they possessed and we have lost. Governor Wilson is called a Progressive; he calls himself a Progressive; we do not object to the title; but he is a Progressive looking backward.

And this is the temperament of his party. It will attract those who believe that present evils are due to the Nation's departure from a better life in the past, who believe in a government of limited functions and few if not feeble powers, who dread the era of industrial combination and wish to re-establish the era of competition, whose ideal it is to go back to the simple and the primitive democracy of the earlier years of the Republic.

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The Progressive party appeals to men of a very different temperament. And we define that temperament with greater confidence because it may properly be characterized as the temperament of The Outlook itself.

We look forward, not backward, for the golden age. We believe in a new theology, a new science, a new sociology, a new politics. We believe that in every day walks a better to-morrow; that the world is steadily growing better, though with lapses, failures, and regressions. We believe that the commercial age is better than the military age or the ecclesiastical age; that the twentieth century is as competent to make its theological creeds as was either the sixteenth or the fourth; that the counsels of the men of this decade are better able to decide the destiny of America than the voices from the graves of the men of a century ago; that the traditions of the past are useful guides but poor governors; that the Constitution is to be considered as an instrument to promote growth, not as an impediment to prevent it. We believe that progress lies, not in going back to the past, but in going forward to the future; that the age of regulated combination is better than the age of unscrupulous competition; that fraternalism is better than individualism, a self-governing democracy is better than a democracy of self-governing individuals, and a strong government with varied functions is better than a weak government with very limited functions. And this we believe to be the temperament of the Progressive party and of its two chosen leaders, Theodore Roosevelt and Governor Johnson.

This party will repel the men of contented mind who are satisfied with the world as it is. It will repel the men who think that this is a degenerate age, and that the cure for its evils is a return to neglected ideals and neglected duties. But it will attract the men who have faith in themselves, in their fellows, and in the future; who believe that the present discontent is but the shadow cast by a splendid aspiration; in whom no apprehension is awakened by the forebodings of those who dread to cut loose from their moorings, who think no fate is worse than gradual decay certain to consume the ship that remains forever moored to the wharf, who are eager to voyage forward to meet the coming of the dawn. It is the party of life and courage. It appeals to the eager and the adventurous, and to those who, whatever their years, are eternally young.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

In your article in The Outlook of August 17, in which you give your "Confession of Faith," you make the statement that "The dogma that it is only in this life that man can repent, or mercy can be shown him if he does repent, I repudiate as unscriptural and inconsistent with faith in the Fatherhood of God and in the freedom of man." Will you please state what Scripture gives us ground for belief that there is any chance for repentance after death? If so, then why the great need of efforts to lead the unconverted to repentance and to God in this life? Also, why trouble about the heathen for their sakes or for ours, on account of the great commission, if after death we find our souls suffering on account of lack of duty neglected in this life, we can repent and be sorry and be removed to a place of joy? This would be reasonable along this line of belief, would it not? My dear son, who is thinking of being a preacher, and is now in college, says, "Why, what is the need of me preaching or father staying all his life with the heathen if they have another chance?" His father is a foreign missioner; has been for nearly forty years.

Your letter assumes that Jesus Christ came to keep us out of hell and get us into heaven. But Jesus Christ did not come to keep us out of hell and get us into heaven. He came to keep hell out of us and put heaven into us. He came to save us—yes! but from what? Pain? No! He suffered the death of the cross, and told us we must take up our cross if we would be his. What then? From punishment? No! It is doubtful if he anywhere promises his disciples escape from punishment. He came to save them that will trust in him from their sins. One Evangelist tells us that he was called Jesus because he would save his people from their sins. Another Evangelist tells us that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin. John the Baptist hails Jesus as the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world. He himself, in his last meeting with his disciples, pledging them in a cup after supper, says it is the blood of the new covenant, shed for the remission of sins. It is sin, not punishment, which is remitted or sent away; it is from sin, not from punishment, that his blood relieves us; it is sin, not punishment, that the Lamb of God takes away from the world; it is from sin, not punishment, that Jesus saves his people.

That he saves from penalty in saving from sin is secondary and incidental.

And this is the commission he gave to his disciples: Whosesoever sins ye remit, they

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are remitted; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained. He does not promise that they shall deliver from punishment, but that they shall deliver from sin.

Salvation is character. Understand me. I do not say salvation through character. No! *Salvation is character.*

Two counterfeiters are sent to State's prison for ten years. One has political influence, and after three months gets a pardon, goes out, and resumes his counterfeiting. The other serves out his full ten years, pays the full penalty of his crime, but becomes an honest man and comes out to live an honest life. The first man escapes punishment and is not saved. The second man suffers punishment and is saved.

SALVATION IS CHARACTER.

The word Christianity does not occur in the New Testament. The word religion does not occur at all in the Gospels. Christ's word for his gift to us is "Life" or "Eternal Life." "I have come that they might have Life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "I give unto them Eternal Life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of my hand." Similarly, Paul: "The gift of God is Eternal Life."

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." That Jesus Christ might inspire in men this life he was born, lived, suffered, died. This is what the preacher of the Glad Tidings has to offer to his congregation, and the missionary to the heathen as their inheritance.

He says to them: You are perhaps agnostics. You believe that there must be some sort of intelligence behind nature, but you know not what it is. I have come to introduce your Father to you. You can, if you will, have him as your "Great Companion." Or perhaps you are afraid of God. You think he is angry with you because you have sinned. You are mistaken. He pities you because you have sinned. And he wants to help you to sin no more. Or perhaps you think it is hard to find him. You are mistaken. Turn toward him and you will find him a Father who goes out to meet you, not with punishment, not with reproaches, but with the gladness of love. Or you have thought that you must offer a sacrifice to appease his wrath or satisfy his law. You are mistaken. His is the sacrifice. It is the mother who suffers for her sinful child; the patriot who suffers for his careless country; the martyr who suffers for his age; God who suffers for his children. This is the Gospel. Not that God will let you off from punishment if you are sorry and promise not to do so any more, but that God will pour his life into you, here and now, and make you partaker of his nature, if you will let him do so.

Do you remember Tennyson's prayer?

> "O for a man to arise in me,
> That the man that I am may cease to be!"

The Gospel is God's answer to that prayer.

I advise your son to write to the Missionary Boards of the five great Protestant denominations for reports of their medical and educational work. He will find that the "life of God in the soul of man," which constitutes the Christian religion, is social as well as individual, a life of human brotherhood as well as of loyalty to the Father. He will find that the Christian missions are carrying health and healing to the body, and inspiration to the mind. He will find that they are abolishing slavery, emancipating woman, lessening cruelty to children, elevating the home, promoting the spirit of peace and good will. He will find that the Christian colleges in Turkey have revolutionized the educational system of Turkey, and the Christian colleges in China have revolutionized the educational system in China. And he will find that, while doing this, and by doing this, they have established a religion of hope for one of dread, a religion of joy for one of torment, a religion of love for one of fear. Is there, then, no future life, no eternity? Yes! but future life begins here, and we are in eternity now.

He who will study with an open mind the history of Christian missions will find that the answer to them in every land has been that so beautifully interpreted by Phillips Brooks:

> "Where children pure and happy
> Pray to the blessèd Child;
> Where misery cries out to Thee,
> Son of the Mother mild;
> Where Charity stands watching,
> And Faith holds wide the door,—
> The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
> And Christmas comes once more."

To dispel the darkness of the night and bring in the glory of the dawn upon this earth is the mission of the Gospel.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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THE TAFT-WILSON TRUST PROGRAMME[1]

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

DURING my Administration, and since, I have first directed and tested, and then studied, the working of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. When I came into office that law was dead; I took it up and for the first time had it enforced.

We gained this much by the enforcement: we gained the establishment of the principle that the Government was supreme over the great corporations; but that is almost the end of the good that came through our law-suits.

Take the Northern Securities case. Under me that suit was brought to a successful conclusion. I at first thought that we had secured a definite and real solution of the difficulties, and my opponents thought so too at first and were very sore; but in the end it proved that all we had actually accomplished was what is said above. As one of the greatest magnates concerned afterwards remarked: "Well, when the smoke cleared away, I found that whereas formerly I had to prove my ownership by one bit of paper, I now have to prove it by two."

Take again the Standard Oil decision. The Standard Oil Company was nominally dissolved as a result of the suit against it. It was divided nominally into thirty-four different companies. For a moment there was a great deal of fright in Wall Street; and under the stress of that fright the big magnates for the time being thought they would come round and advocate the policy of control I had advocated, because, while that control would really control them, would hamper and limit them, at least they thought that they would thereby escape death. Then they found that it was only make-believe death to which they were exposed. And as a result of the suit for dissolution Mr. Rockefeller's property rose in value to a higher degree than it ever had gone before, and to an already sufficient fortune he added some eighty or ninety millions of dollars, while the price of oil went up to the consumer. Men who purchased Standard Oil stock on the curb in New York tell me that the sole difference is that, whereas formerly the broker would give them one slip of paper, now he gives them an envelope containing thirty-seven slips—that's all.

You recollect Mr. Pierpont Morgan said, "You can't unscramble the eggs in an omelet." This particular instance of trying to unscramble them didn't help anybody but the owners of the eggs, for it increased the value of the eggs indefinitely and made the omelet cost more to the general public. Now our proposal is not to try to unscramble the eggs by a mere succession of lawsuits, but to exercise such administrative control by the Government as will prevent the eggs from ever being scrambled.

Mr. Wilson in a recent speech in New York said that "no body of men would have the wisdom necessary to enable them to regulate the industrial processes of the country." I was much interested in that remark because it represents the exact attitude always taken by the respectable ultra-conservative in matters of this nature. Word for word it is what some of the great railway magnates used to say before the passage of the Inter-State Commerce Law. They used to say that "no body of men alive could undertake to regulate the complicated railway business." Other big men used to say the same thing when the proposal was to establish Public Utilities Commissions.

I appeal from the prophet of to-day to the way the facts have refuted the prophets of yesterday. There is no more difficulty in regulating the Standard Oil or the Steel Corporation than in regulating a big railway. We have actually made the Inter-State Commerce Law work. We have found by the test of actual work that the way to control the railways lies through increasing the power, and especially through increasing the application of the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, by regulating and controlling those railways, and not by any development of the Anti-Trust Law. Real control of the trusts can come only by the adoption of similar expedients. What I want to see done with our industrial concerns is to see an Inter-State Industrial Commission established, which shall handle the Standard Oil, the Steel Trust, the Tobacco Trust, and every such big trust, through administrative action, just as the Inter-State Commerce Commission handles the railways, and with a power extended beyond that of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

And Mr. Wilson need not bother himself

[1] In this editorial Mr. Roosevelt follows in substance, and for the most part in form, the course of thought on this topic which he followed in his address at Fargo, North Dakota, September 6.—THE EDITORS.

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about finding men to administer such a law. If he cannot find them, I can and will. I will guarantee to find men who will be able to understand and supervise and regulate the business of those great industrial corporations.

Some of Mr. Wilson's supporters have said that our proposal is to "legalize monopoly" and his to "regulate competition." On the contrary, our proposal is to abolish monopoly and to restore competition where possible, and where this is not possible then absolutely to control the monopoly in the interest of the general public. His proposal is in effect to leave the present system unchanged; and the present system has just resulted in legalizing the monopoly of the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts. Substantially this has been the sole result, the only result Mr. Wilson's policy would achieve. His proposal is to do precisely nothing; his proposal is to continue in exactly the same course that the Taft Administration is now continuing; for the differences between the Republican and Democratic platforms on this matter are merely differences of sound and fury, and not of sense.

Mr. Wilson's proposal is to regulate competition by "dissolving" trusts in the way the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts were "dissolved." You know the prayer in Wall Street now is, "Give us another dissolution." Wall Street likes to have its property dissolved in that way. Every one of those dissolutions has been accompanied by a great rise in the value of the stocks, has legalized monopoly, and has conferred upon the trust magnates the great boon of being fortified by the law in their intrenchments.

On the contrary, the proposal of the Progressives is to put a stop to the continuance of the Taft-Wilson programme of further legalization of monopoly under the guise of a make-believe assault on monopoly. We propose by administrative action to control the conditions which, if left uncontrolled, lead to monopoly. We propose to restore competition where possible. But where this is not possible, we propose to have a real remedy instead of a sham remedy.

The talk about really controlling the trusts by regulating competition merely by lawsuits along the lines of the Anti-Trust Law, or of any amendment proposed to it by the Stanley Committee or by any one else—all such talk is the veriest nonsense. The proposals in the Democratic platform, so far as they could be enacted into law, would be of no help whatever. They would not change the present situation one little bit, except for the worse.

There is not a Wall Street man engaged in big business of the kind to which our people object, there is not a trust magnate, who doesn't regard with utter derision the talk of interfering with monopolies along the lines indicated by Mr. Wilson and his supporters. The only thing they fear is the kind of regulation that we Progressives propose to give them. Mr. Wilson's proposals are entirely satisfactory to them, quite as satisfactory as the actions of the present Administration; indeed, Mr. Wilson's proposals are so vague that they can hardly be called proposals at all; and the proposals of his supporters are either impracticable to adopt, or, if practicable, would work no real change in the present conditions. Accordingly, the enormous majority of the Wall Street men who have been guilty of the obnoxious practices in connection with trusts, having given up the hope of electing Mr. Taft, are now supporting Mr. Wilson; for they dread us as their only real foes, and know that the policies advocated by Messrs. Taft and Wilson represent, not real hostility, but only mock hostility, to the big crooked trusts—although these same policies do contain a serious menace to every kind of honest business, big or little, which does not rely for protection on adroit use of the chicanery of the law.

I call the attention of those who doubt our ability to regulate big business to what has happened with the insurance companies. Nine years ago the effort was made to limit them in size, much as the Stanley Committee proposes to limit industrial concerns generally. In actual practice this worked so badly that the effort had to be abandoned. At present the insurance companies are not limited in size, but they are supervised and controlled. There is plenty of competition among them, and the policy-holders are so well protected that they are entirely satisfied, those in the big companies more than those in the others.

The sum of the matter, therefore, is this: Mr. Wilson, like Mr. Taft, has no improvement to propose in this matter, for the differences between the proposals in the Republican and the Democratic platforms on the trust question are merely differences of declamation. Both sets of proposals indicate nothing but a vague, puzzled, and hopeless purpose feebly to continue the present futile policy of attempting to regulate the trusts by nothing but a succession of long-drawn and ineffective

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lawsuits; and if actually put into operation both sets of proposals would produce exactly and precisely nothing.

On the contrary, our proposals are definite and concrete, and are based on successful action along kindred lines in the past. If we are allowed to put them into action, we will immensely benefit the honest business man by making the law certain, and by punishing misconduct and not merely size; and we will effectively, and not merely nominally, curb and control the big trusts which are actually or potentially guilty of anti-social practices.

I do not wonder that, in view of these facts, every big crooked financier is against us and in favor of either Mr. Wilson or Mr. Taft, in order to beat us. I am sorry to say that the great majority of the respectable men of great wealth seem to be against us, not realizing that it is really in their interest that we should exercise supervision over the business use of their great wealth. I feel that every honest and far-sighted business man, big or little, should be with us, for our purpose is to help energy and power in business life, so long as the energy and power are used honestly and the public treated fairly; and all the secondary business men, the moderate-sized business men, should give us their hearty aid.

We are proud of the energy and initiative and success of our business men; we wish to see them prosper and build up American business to the highest pitch of efficiency, both at home and abroad, both in internal trade and in international trade. It is because we war intelligently against dishonesty in business, it is for the very reason that we efficiently oppose crooked business, that we have the right to ask the support of all honest business men; for the Progressive party in its platform offers the only really good platform that the honest business man has had offered him, and makes the only efficient proposals that any party has made for the elimination of evil business practices and the control of big business so that it shall not be used against the interest either of weaker business rivals of the employees and other wage-workers, of the shareholders, or of the general public.

THE PROGRESSIVES AT SYRACUSE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

"WHAT do you think?" a fellow-delegate asked; "would Mr. Straus be the right candidate?" Like almost every one else in the body of the hall at Syracuse, we were standing on our chairs. All about us the delegates were cheering and waving bandannas. In front of us on the platform stood the man whose name had aroused this tempest of enthusiasm—short of stature, aquiline in feature, gray with many honorable years in service of his fellow-men, manifestly astonished and nonplused by what was happening.

"I accept his word, as I accept that of Mr. Hotchkiss," was all I could answer. "He has told me, as he has told others, that if the Convention should name him it would have to reconvene and select another candidate in his place." Then both of us turned again toward that modest great man and joined once more with the rest of the assembly in expressing as best we could our praise of Oscar S. Straus for what he had done for America and for the world.

So intent on its business had this body of delegates been that not until this moment had it realized as a body what a great public servant it had as presiding officer.

It was the afternoon of Friday, September 6, the second day of the New York State Convention of the National Progressive party. Some of the delegates selected to represent their respective county delegations had been gathered in the city for several days at work in considering the many proposals for the State platform, and out of them formulating a provisional programme to be submitted to the Convention. The others had come later, and for the greater part of two days had been discussing the various questions as to candidates and platform which they would have to decide. It was a gathering of serious and substantial citizens of almost all callings. There were farmers and business men, lawyers, wage-earners, physicians, social workers, newspaper men, public officials and teachers, engineers and ministers, employees and agents of great concerns, tradesmen, merchants, men and women. In

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matters of self-government New York has no high reputation as a progressive State; yet these men and women, many of them without much experience in the traditional methods of party management, were undertaking to start a Progressive party in that State on the way toward victory at the polls. The State leader, Mr. William H. Hotchkiss, Chairman of the party's State Committee, formerly a leader in the Hughes administration, and therefore well acquainted with those throughout the State who had served the cause of progress under that administration, had achieved remarkable results in organizing the new party. Nevertheless these men and women had a task before them in which precedent could give no great support. They were volunteers in an amateur fight. It is no wonder that they showed themselves to be in a serious mood as they gathered.

Then, too, at the very beginning they encountered a difficult problem. The two men most conspicuously mentioned for nomination as Governor were Mr. Hotchkiss, the State leader, and Mr. Prendergast, the Comptroller of New York City; and concerning these two it soon became evident that there was a very even division of opinion. Both men were admired and trusted; but against each there was serious objection. Many of the delegates felt, on the one hand, that it would not be in accord with sound political ethics for the man chiefly responsible for the creation of a party organization to receive a nomination at the hands of that organization, and that he ought not to be asked to accept it. In spite, however, of the fact that Mr. Hotchkiss repeatedly declared that he did not wish his name to be presented, and that he favored the nomination of Mr. Prendergast, his supporters urged his name upon the Convention. On the other hand, many delegates who felt the force of the argument against naming the State Chairman felt even more strongly that there was something characteristic of the pernicious boss system in some of the pressure which seemed to have been exerted on behalf of Mr. Prendergast, and that, moreover, in certain parts of the State, notably in the rural regions, his candidacy would not win the voters. The intense feeling of hostility to traditional political methods which was strongly predominant in the Convention, coupled with the desire for a candidate that would be regarded generally as available, made the opposition to Mr. Prendergast's candidacy formidable, though by no means conclusive, with all who shared the feeling. Opponents of the Progressive party had, moreover, attempted, by the circulation of gossip through the hostile press, to transform this division of opinion into a factional controversy. What a great majority of the delegates felt to be the greatest danger in the situation was that even if this attempt to create a factional controversy did not succeed, the effect on the public mind would be the creation of the impression that the party in its very inception was disunited. Nothing could be further from the truth. What was necessary, however, was not merely that the party should be united, but that its union should be unmistakable.

If only all the voters of the State could have seen that Convention in session, there would have been no possibility of misunderstanding. There is something in this Progressive movement—for it is more than a party—that binds people together. It is the same thing that has appeared in many a religious uprising. It is a spirit of common conviction and common determination, a fighting spirit in a moral struggle against unseen but very real powers.

It is a spirit that seems to start people singing. It drove the people of Israel to song, and we have the Psalms; it drove the early Christians to song, and we have the ancient hymns of the Church; it drove the Catholic followers of King Charles to song, and we have the lilting tunes of the Cavaliers; it drove the German Protestants to song, and we have the chorales of the Reformation. When men sing like that, their differences of opinion among themselves are not highly significant; what is significant is their agreement in faith and purpose. When men sing like that, let their enemies take warning.

This is what is happening to-day in America. To those who see danger to America in the Progressive party the songs that arise whenever a great body of Progressives meet should have a sinister sound. To those who see hope and good cheer for America in the Progressive party these songs are the proclamation of a new era. These gatherings of singing men and women are of the sort that take more pleasure in standing together against a common enemy than in any differences among themselves.

This spirit has run through all the great Progressive meetings. It was evident even

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before the party as a party came into being. When the Roosevelt delegates assembled in the Auditorium at Chicago the night before the beginning of the Republican Convention and heard the leader of their forces summon them to battle at Armageddon, they spent much of their time in song. There was full warning in that music. When, after that Convention, they again assembled, this time at Orchestra Hall, and proclaimed the birth of the new party, there was something of splendor in their singing. It seemed, even to some of those present, that the spirit of unity and confidence so expressed was possibly the product of the moment, a temporary enthusiasm that could not outlast the occasion. Then, six weeks later, came the Progressive National Convention at the Coliseum, when, at the very first session, the sound of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" started like flames from the center of the great hall and spread like a fire till it was rising from ten thousand throats.

So it was at Syracuse. From beginning to end, while the headlines in unfriendly newspapers were telling the people of the State that the Convention was finding that the various "booms" were "Stirring up Strife," that it was in a "Bitter Row," that it was "Rent by Factional Strife," that it was in the midst of a "Desperate Fight," the delegates could not keep from song, but reverted again and again, whenever opportunity offered, sometimes to adaptations of inspiriting popular airs, but oftenest to the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Like those other Progressive gatherings, this assembly was also distinguished from the ordinary political convention by its ability to listen in silence and with attention; and at the same time by its quickness of response to the various speakers. It responded not only with applause and cheers but also with shouts of agreement and correction. For example, when former State Senator Frederick M. Davenport made his speech as temporary Chairman, he had to pause every few sentences for the applause to subside; but when he said that the two old parties were really one party and the Progressive party was therefore not a "third party" but a "second," there were instantly cries of "First! First!" As quick as his audience, he answered, "You're dead right—after November 5," and he was allowed to proceed.

When Mr. Straus, as permanent Chairman, made his speech, the delegates showed their temper in repudiating the evil and claiming the inheritance of the good in the history of the parties of the past by selecting for their greatest marks of approval his reference to "a free and unbossed convention," his joining of the names of Jefferson, Cleveland, and Lincoln, and his phrase the "Progressive Party under Roosevelt," and by doing so bore witness to their appreciation of Mr. Straus's services under both Democratic and Republican administrations in the past, and his close association with the leader of the Progressive party in the present.

During Bourke Cockran's speech the assembly showed another of the traits that seem to be common to all Progressive gatherings—interest in the discussion of fundamental principles. That speech was chiefly in advocacy and explanation of Mr. Roosevelt's plan for the popular review of judicial decisions affecting the general welfare. Dramatic and oratorically effective as it was, it was long and dealt with some matters not easily understood by one unversed in law. From first to last that audience showed that it followed Mr. Cockran's line of argument. It listened as a jury listens. In the midst of the speech there descended on the building a violent thunder-storm. The noise of the tempest buried the speaker's voice. There was a crash of glass. Some of the people sitting under the skylights raised umbrellas. There was a movement on the part of some to change their seats so as to escape the incoming rain. Some one started the band playing—to restore confidence. The big arc lights spluttered. Then the tempest quieted; the band stopped playing; the audience, without its attention distracted or its enthusiasm dampened, resumed its occupation of listening, as Mr. Cockran resumed his speech, and, so far from being wearied by the long and thoughtful address, became increasingly responsive as the speech proceeded.

Most eagerly awaited of all, however, was the speech of Governor Johnson, the Vice-Presidential nominee. Then the audience showed another of its traits. It was now a body of soldiers ready to do a chosen commander's bidding. If Governor Johnson had commanded those delegates to rise, form in line, and march out of the hall, they would have obeyed. Here is a great friend of ours, they seemed to say—a friend who is

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in front fighting our battle; he has shown himself not only a great fighter, but a great general; and he will find not one of us flinching. Governor Johnson's address was that of a commanding officer to a citizen soldiery. Those who heard it will remember the substance of what he said; but they will still more distinctly remember the man—his stanch figure, his determined mouth, his rush of thought that seemed to find words ready as sharp-eyed quick messengers, his gestures with the clenched fist, and his love of combat on behalf of those whom he believed to be suffering from injustice—the overburdened man, the toiling woman, and the little child. A great many, from that day on, when they hear of social justice, will see the form and face of Hiram Johnson.

In this mood the delegates were sharply called to their chief duty—the selection of a candidate for Governor. The calling of the roll of counties began. A delegate from New York County was recognized. He plainly referred to the situation that confronted the Convention, and nominated Mr. Hotchkiss. A man from the Westchester County delegation rose and went to the platform. It was Mr. Hotchkiss himself. He declared his name was presented without his consent; he denounced those outside the Convention who had sought to be trouble-makers; and he asked his friends not to vote for him. Nevertheless the next three speakers seconded Mr. Hotchkiss's nomination. Then a delegate from Kings was recognized. He, too, referred to the situation regarding the two candidates, and nominated Mr. Prendergast. The roll was continued and a number of brief speeches were made seconding each nomination. When the roll was completed, Mr. Woodruff, of Kings, moved to take a recess. There were shouts in opposition. Insisting on a hearing, he went to the platform and explained that his motion would expedite matters.

Suddenly a tall, gaunt man in a mustard-colored suit, with a bandanna around his neck and a sombrero in his hand, ran up the steps to the platform. Mr. Straus, the Chairman, put out his hands to turn the man back. He would not go. The delegates, impatient, shouted inquiry and disapproval: "Go back!" "Sit down!" "What does he want?" After a brief consultation Mr. Straus announced: "He wishes to make a nomination." There were more shouts of disapproval. Some one called out, "Nominations are closed." "No, no," came a chorus of shouts. The delegates were insistent on one thing above all others—that the Convention should be free. That suggestion of closing the nominations at once gave the man his audience. Throwing down his sombrero, he stepped forward. Mr. Straus announced: "He may have five minutes."

In a hoarse voice, like a gruff whisper, he began.

"I have just come down from Vermont." That reference to the campaign in that State was sufficient explanation of his hoarseness. "I ask you people of this Convention to make no mistake. We want a man for Governor"—his voice could scarcely be heard—"whose name is known all over the civilized world." There were shouts and laughter. No one could imagine what the man was thinking of. "Whose name brings the tear of sympathy"—more shouts—"regardless of race, religion, or creed"—the impatience of the delegates was increasing—". . . to success and victory."

"Name your man," shouted some one from the floor—"name your man."

He named him; it was Oscar S. Straus.

The delegates were taken aback. There was Mr. Straus before them; but he had so definitely eliminated himself that no one thought of him as the man was speaking. There was a burst of applause and cheering. The man held up his hand:

"Gentlemen, heed me. . . . Make no mistake. . . . No man has had better distinction at home and abroad than Mr. Straus. I ask you to vote for him."

Even then the delegates did not think of Mr. Straus really as a candidate; but they appeared to realize then for the first time how great a man their Chairman really was. Minister and late Ambassador to Turkey, one of the chief founders of the Civic Federation, conspicuous as a friend and promoter of industrial peace and justice, close associate of President Cleveland, intimate friend and adviser of President Roosevelt, the first Secretary of Commerce and Labor—of course he was distinguished abroad and at home, a great public servant. The delegates rose in a body and cheered. As they cheered they thought. In three minutes there was no doubt as to the mind of that assembly. The delegates were marching and shouting. Mr. Straus's positive statement that he would not accept a nomination would have been final with each one of those delegates if he had

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been called upon to decide the question separately; it weighed not at all with the mind of them all together. They did not know the man who had served to bring to the surface what, unknown to them, was in the recesses of their own minds. If they had heard his name—McGee—they would have been none the wiser. They simply knew now what they wanted. The cheering was incessant. Mr. Straus stood in helpless wonderment at the scene. Then he tried his gavel. Each time it came down upon the table the cheers rose like spray from breakers. Mr. Straus took refuge in the group on the platform. Mr. Hotchkiss, his face beaming with relief, tried the gavel. The delegates ignored Mr. Hotchkiss. There was no gainsaying their will. Mr. Hotchkiss, vainly trying to be heard, finally held up a sheet of paper on which, written in lead pencil, were the words, "He accepts." The news ran back from the platform like a wave. One could follow its course by the billow of louder cheering. And then the wonder of the day happened. As if by instinct, anticipating the wretched question as to race and religion that always seems to rise when a party in America names a Jewish candidate, the body of delegates as one man took up the hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The cheering ceased, and the martial rhythm of this militant hymn of the Christian Church from the throats of those delegates sounded the destruction of religious and racial prejudice in this campaign and the faith of the party in the righteousness and ultimate victory of their cause. The hymn ended, the delegates resumed their cheers—this time cheers of relief at the solution of their task; but they cheered for only a moment, for these were those formidable men and women who sing; and so once more they sang. This time arose that old Psalm tune which brought to a close the Progressive National Convention at Chicago, "Old Hundred," to the words of the Doxology.

What followed was merely the formal ratification of the real selection that had already taken place. County after county sent its representative to the platform to second the nomination of Mr. Straus, the vote was taken, and Mr. Straus was the nominee.

According to the custom begun at Chicago, the candidate was not asked to defer his formal acceptance to a later date, but was immediately heard. Mr. Straus's simple speech was characteristic of his modesty and his moral courage.

Scarcely less significant than the manner of the nomination of Mr. Straus were three other incidents of the Convention. They should be mentioned.

In the first place, when the nominations for the other offices were made, the candidates, before the delegates voted, were called by the Chairman to appear upon the platform and show themselves. It was significant of the mind of the Convention that the delegates wished to see in person the men whom they were asked to select for candidates before the people. In the case of Frederick M. Davenport, chosen unanimously to be the Progressive candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, this was unnecessary, for as temporary Chairman he was well known to the delegates, even if his name as a legislative supporter of Governor Hughes had not been familiar to them all. He, however, like all the rest, was called on to accept the nomination then and there.

In the second place, the men nominated for judgeships were notified that they, like all the others, were expected to take the stump in the campaign. This was significant of the view which the Progressive party takes of the judge as an officer who should be responsible and known to the people.

In the third place, besides adopting a platform that promises reforms to secure a larger measure of self-government and of social justice, the Convention passed a resolution creating a permanent committee to draft measures for carrying out the proposals of the platform, to present those measures to the legislative and executive authorities, and if necessary to provide, with the aid of the officers of the Convention, for reconvening the Convention itself for the purpose of reaffirming its demand. So far as I know, no other convention has ever done the like.

The Syracuse Convention, like that of the Progressive party at Chicago, makes one hesitate in declaring that the direct primary has rendered conventions altogether useless. If the Progressive party is to retain its present spirit in future years, it may not do the actual work of nominating candidates by convention, but it will surely retain the substance if not the form of these assemblages that have made the year 1912 memorable.

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FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION
AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

STATE ELECTIONS, PRIMARIES, AND CONVENTIONS

DURING the past fortnight the elections, primaries, and conventions in various States have more or less affected the Presidential campaign.

I—ELECTIONS

VERMONT

So far as may be judged by reading the opinion of the newspapers throughout the country, a principal indication of the Vermont election, as affecting the Presidential contest, is that the latter fight is to be ultimately between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt.

As to the former's chances, the New York "Tribune," for half a century the chief exponent of Republicanism in this country, says:

. . . If in other States the Democrats can hold their vote together as well as they have done in Vermont, and if the Progressives can divide the opposition in the same proportion, they will probably give the victory to Mr. Wilson. . . .

Hence the Vermont election elicits this snarl from the Chicago "Inter Ocean" (Rep.):

Unless Messrs. Hilles and Mulvane bestir themselves at once, cease talking incompetent nonsense about "quiet" and "dignified" politics, and begin immediately a real Republican campaign, they are likely to find themselves, ten weeks hence, not only politically defeated but politically disgraced.

This is unjust to Messrs. Hilles and Mulvane, exclaims the Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "Press" (Ind.). "How can these men put on a 'real Republican campaign'? What material have they to begin such a work?" The paper answers itself:

The "real Republican campaigns" of old were indeed inspiring ones. But in those days we had Republican candidates with whom the Republican voters were in entire accord. Then we had a solid Republican party.

Messrs. Hilles and Mulvane know that no "real Republican campaign" is possible without Republican enthusiasm. To talk about such a campaign in 1912 is hollow mockery.

"In the most isolated and hidebound Republican community in the Union," namely, the State of Vermont, the Progressives "were able utterly to destroy the historic Republican majority," chronicles the Chicago "Evening Post." A Republican paper, the Minneapolis "Journal," admits that "the significant fact . . . is the apparent ease with which fifteen thousand Republicans were swung to the Progressive ticket in a staid State like Vermont." The conclusion of the whole matter, according to the Louisville "Evening Post" (Ind. Dem.), is as follows:

If for a new party, not in existence for sixty days, to enter the stronghold of the Bourbons of America, to invade a State dominated by ignorance, prejudice, and the money power, and cut down the vote of the dominant party 20,000, and to record 16,000 of these votes for the new party and 4,000 for the Democratic party, does not look like a landslide, is not a revolution, is not a popular response to a magnificent political crusade, then language has lost its meaning. . . . Assume that the Progressives are nowhere to do better than they did in Vermont—knowing . . . as we all do that it nowhere expects to do worse and nowhere can face worse conditions—assuming, we say, that nowhere it does any better than in Vermont, we must deduct from the Taft vote of 1908 forty per cent, give to the Democrats no gain, and yet absolutely wipe out of existence the administrative party, the party of Taft and Penrose and Crane and Archbold, in every doubtful State.

No; it is not the Democratic party that is about to disappear; it is the so-called Republican pirate ship that fell into the hands of the political desperadoes of 1912. It will practically disappear on the evening of the election of November 5.

MAINE

The difference between the election in Vermont and that in Maine was the difference of a union between Republicans and Progressives in Maine on State issues as opposed to the disunion in Vermont.

The New York "Sun" (Ind.) puts it thus:

At Chicago the Maine delegates refused to vote when they realized that Mr. Taft would be nominated, and upon their return home it was assumed that a Progressive State ticket would be put into the field. It was deemed, however, the better part of valor to unite with the regular Republicans upon the State, legislative, and Congress tickets, and postpone the irrepressible internecine strife between the factions until after the September election.

The Burlington, Vermont, "Free Press" (Rep.) thus describes the situation:

The Republicans of Maine have not divided as in Vermont, Roosevelt not having insisted upon a single ticket, as in the Green Mountain

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State. It was represented to him that his followers controlled the Republican party there.

The Republican-Progressive union in Maine is more curtly dismissed by Democratic organs; for instance, the New York "World:"

The Roosevelt saints had no compunctions of conscience whatever about allying themselves with the Taft burglars. . . . The cohesive power of four hundred State jobs overcame all Republican dissension.

The New York "Sun" (Ind.) says:

For the Republican party the election in Maine has no National significance, at least no bearing upon the Presidential contest, because the Republicans made their campaign mainly, if not almost entirely, upon State issues, and for the additional reason that the supporters of President Taft and the Progressives buried the hatchet and patched up a truce to redeem the State administration from the Democrats. . . . What credit there may be in the election of the Republican candidate for Governor both sides may claim, but it cannot be apportioned.

Perhaps it cannot; but in the opinion of the New York "Tribune" (Rep.), the result of the Maine election is "a startling commentary on the futility and superfluousness of the third party movement." The "Tribune" declares:

The schism created at Chicago was created from the outside. It does not run deep into the State organizations, in which there are no irreconcilable differences between Taft supporters and Roosevelt supporters.

The New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.) puts it another way:

Maine is one of that great number of hitherto Republican States in which it is perfectly evident that the Republicans cannot make two piles of their vote and expect either to overtop the Democratic pile.

But let a Maine paper speak. Probably the best known is the Lewiston "Journal" (Prog.). It declares:

On National issues Maine is over thirty thousand strong for the Roosevelt policies. Please watch the Bull Moose.

But the split in the Republican party on National issues did not enable the Democrats to retain their grip on the State. Says the New York "Tribune" (Rep.):

Their vote this year fell nearly seven thousand below their vote in 1910. Democratic performance has therefore not only failed to make new converts, but has even driven away former supporters.

"It must be admitted," frankly says the New York "American" (Dem.), "that the Maine result is less decisively Democratic than Vermont's vote." It adds:

In Vermont the Democratic vote gained thirty-two per cent over 1910. In Maine the Democrats cast about nine per cent fewer votes than in 1910.

Here is what the Boston "Transcript's" (Ind.) correspondent said before the election:

The Democratic leaders of New York and other Eastern States have reported at headquarters that if Marshall is to continue denunciation of business and his threats to throw every concern into a receivership, then the East is lost to the Democracy. . . . As for Champ Clark's frigid statement about Wilson, many men here are saying, "I told you so." Their contention is that Clark will not be able to get over his grouch at Baltimore until long after the election, if he ever does.

As is natural, the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.) compares this year's vote with that of 1908, and finds that "the Democrats increased their total vote by some five hundred, while the Republicans fell thirty-seven hundred below their total of that year." The New York "Sun" (Ind.) thus summarizes the sentiments of the three parties:

The Bull Moose people insisted, of course, that had their party had a candidate in the field, he would have drawn from the Democratic vote and made a great showing. The Taft supporters called attention to the fact that the returns showed Republican gains over two years ago, and Democratic losses by the same comparison. The Democrats drew comparison with the vote in Maine State elections in previous Presidential years, and were able to demonstrate, of course, that the Republican majority was abnormally small.

II—PRIMARIES

Three of the primaries held in the various States—those in Michigan, California, and South Carolina—may be singled out as unfavorably affecting the fortunes of the Progressive, Republican, and Democratic parties in the Presidential contest.

MICHIGAN

In Michigan, according to the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, "the Republican party polled approximately 150,000 votes, and the Third Term party made a ludicrous appearance by polling only 6,500 votes." The Cedar Rapids, Iowa, "Gazette" (Ind.), however, warns thus:

The Taft crowd points to the figures as an indication that the Wolverine State will give Taft its electoral vote. But they do not know Michigan sentiment. It is true that the Progressives polled a ridiculously small vote at the primaries; that was because there was a very general disposition to remain in the old party so far as State and county tickets are concerned. Very many of the Progressives preferred to remain regular. They will do their

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independent voting in November, and there will be more than six thousand of them.

CALIFORNIA

In most States Presidential electors are still chosen by the old convention system. The new primary law of California represents a stage in the transition from that old system to a direct vote. Presidential electors of the several parties in California are now chosen by the legislative nominees of the respective parties. In the primaries just held in California the victory lay, as in the previous election, emphatically with the Progressive Republicans. The New York "Tribune" (Rep.) calls this victory "the successful misappropriation in that State by the third party of the Republican party's emblem and place on the official ballot." It adds:

Supporters of Roosevelt and Johnson have captured the machinery of the Republican organization and will use it to put in the Republican column candidates for elector who will not support the Republican nominees for President and Vice-President. Although this result was accomplished under the primary law of the State, it is none the less pure robbery. It deprives the regular Republicans of California of their right to be represented as Republicans on the official ballot; and, if not taken cognizance of by the courts, it may deprive them of their legal status as a party, leaving them without the power to put in the field a recognized Republican electoral ticket.

To all protests the Los Angeles "Express" (Prog.) makes the following rejoinder:

The Republican party in California is Progressive. It owes no allegiance to the Republican party of the Nation; and is not bound by the acts of the Penroses, Guggenheims, Barneses, and Roots. It is within the right of the Republican party of California to affiliate itself in the National campaign with whatsoever organization it chooses. Not even the most strained interpretation of the ethics of the situation can in the least impeach the integrity of the conduct of any voter, registered as a Republican, who votes for Roosevelt legislative candidates.

SOUTH CAROLINA

In South Carolina the issue was sharp-edged, as the candidates for Governor were the present incumbent of that office, Cole L. Blease, and Ira B. Jones, former Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, who, according to the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.), "resigned his seat on the bench to save the State from the disgrace of Blease for a second term."

But, as this journal admits, "it would appear that the State does not care to be saved." Hence the disheartenment among prominent Democratic papers of the South, like the Knoxville, Tennessee, "Sentinel," and particularly those two well-known South Carolina journals, the Charleston "News and Courier" and the Columbia "State." Concerning this latest evidence of alleged Democratic incapacity to choose a proper executive, the two South Carolina papers urge a searching investigation of the alleged "stuffing" of the ballot-boxes in the back-country counties from which the swollen Blease majorities came. But, in any event, the Knoxville "Sentinel" points out:

Victories like those of Blease of South Carolina, Vardaman of Mississippi, and Jeff Davis of Arkansas . . . almost shake confidence in popular government.

III—THE NEW YORK PROGRESSIVES AND MR. STRAUS

Of all the political conventions recently held in the United States, that of the Progressive party in New York State has attracted by far the greatest amount of newspaper comment.

As to the delegates, the correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" (Ind.), a paper editorially hostile to the Progressives, described the Convention as made up of "what under different conditions would have been the flower of the Republican party and the best element among those who constituted the Independence League." To this the Newark, New Jersey, "Evening News" (Ind.) adds:

Of course the delegates were not all unsophisticated or unselfish. There were enough of the practical and practiced element to run things in a businesslike way, but they were unable to "boss" the Convention.

So far as the great mass of delegates is concerned, the spirit shown was a desire to serve, to nominate the best men, to adopt a platform of vital issues, to strive for a closer relationship between the people and the government, and to secure for the people those things that belong to them, and of which they have been deprived by the "invisible empire" of combined business and politics.

As to being "bossed," the New York "Herald" (Ind.) had told its readers prior to the Convention that "when the time comes to name a ticket, a hand-picked one will be put over with all the celerity that could be desired." It also said: "The delegates know that if there should be a real dispute, a telegram from a special train out West will settle all differences!" But the New York "Evening Post" (Ind.), despite

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its opposition to Mr. Roosevelt, is broad-minded enough to speak as follows:

The history of the nomination will go far to deprive of effectiveness with the voters—so far as the State campaign is concerned—the charge that the party is simply the instrument of Mr. Roosevelt's will. The Convention was stampeded, in quite the good old style of the most spectacular stampedes of the historic parties; but this will do the ticket no particular harm, and will do away with all possibility of drawing any parallel between its action and that of a convention whose choice is dictated by a boss.

As to the nomination for Governor, "the most surprising thing that has happened in Rooseveltian circles," asserts the Buffalo "Express," "was the nomination . . . of Oscar Solomon Straus." The Chicago "Inter Ocean," a stand-pat Republican organ, forgets that this Mr. Straus is not his brother Nathan, for it says:

In a voice husky from his exertions in herding steers in the wilds of the Bronx, "Suspender Jack" nominated . . . a gentleman of ample fortune, creditably notable for his benevolent zeal in providing pure and free milk for sick babies.

And, under the queer influences of the picturesque costume and stammering oratory of "Suspender Jack," the delegates were at first stunned and then stampeded into . . . nominating Mr. Straus by acclamation! . . . A more striking illustration of hysterical politics history does not record.

The celebrated capture of the Democratic Convention of 1896 by Mr. Bryan with his "cross of gold" speech came nowhere near it. Then the delegates took a day to try to think it over; it took five ballots to nominate Mr. Bryan; 352 out of the 930 delegates refused to the last to be stampeded. . . . With all its follies, there was in the Chicago Convention of 1896 no such self-hypnotism into hysteria as in the Syracuse Convention of 1912. And just imagine such a neurotic crowd as that making laws for a Nation, a State, or even a village!

Another Republican organ, however, the Philadelphia "Telegraph," interprets differently the manner of the nomination:

The nomination was the natural product of a wave of hysteria, which took men off their feet for the moment and caused them to do the right thing in circumstances which generally result in the wrong thing being done.

Indeed, the Philadelphia paper declares that the nomination "is so much superior to the party" that the selection "would have been impossible had anybody tried to effect it in cold blood."

The most impressive thing about the nomination is the fact that, from a wide reading of Independent, Democratic, and Republican papers, not a word of adverse criticism has been found to be leveled at the candidate himself. Even that most cynical of critics, the New York "Sun" (Ind.), is forced to admit that in the nomination the Convention "displayed a good sense and a sanity of which its earlier performances had held out no promise." It adds:

That a Convention whose sessions were marked by the petty rivalries of little men making large pretenses . . . should end in the nomination of Mr. Straus will be accepted as proof that the Progressive party in this State has enjoyed a large share of the proverbial luck of its patron saint.

The Chicago "News" (Ind.) says:

What particularly appealed to those in the Convention is the fact that Mr. Straus is a friend of humanity, an active worker on behalf of the poor and oppressed, and generally a man of high ideals. The prompt response of the Convention to the appeal for the nomination of a candidate whose name stands definitely for measures leading to the advancement of mankind was a stampede of the best sort.

Democratic papers are no less hearty in their eulogies. For instance, the Baltimore "Evening Sun" asserts:

Mr. Straus, it is hardly necessary to be said, is an admirable selection. He has served the American public in various offices, and always with distinction. He is well equipped to be Governor of the most populous State in the Union.

The Cincinnati "Enquirer" (Dem.) says:

The nomination of the Hon. Oscar S. Straus . . . was a masterstroke in politics, and will carry with it a support at the polls for the Progressive party in that State much greater than was possible without the naming of such an eminent and worthy citizen as candidate for that position.

"It is impossible to deny," says the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.), "that the New York Progressives have made a fine beginning." The paper adds:

Mr. Straus has had a good deal of experience in public affairs. . . . Experience, by which he is well qualified for the office of Governor, is conspicuously lacking in the Progressive party. Most of its members are new to the business of politics; very few of them have had any training in a public post.

The New York "American" (Dem.) declares of Mr. Straus:

His personality suggests a standard of citizenship that is above race, sect, and party. People are bound to think of him as a man who really cares very much for human beings and for the public welfare, and as one who has ample abilities to back the interests of his heart.

Mr. Straus's achievements in the past are of a kind that will reassure people as to the worth of his services if he should be made Gov-

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ernor. . . . Under three different Administrations he has been our diplomatic representative in Turkey. . . . He established the right of Christian missionaries and opened the way for Western education in the Turkish domain. He helped the oppressed Armenians. He made peace between the Americans and the Mohammedans of the Philippines. As member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, as Secretary of Commerce and Labor under Roosevelt, as President of the New York Board of Trade, as chairman of the momentous commission now sitting in judgment on the issue between the railroads and their engineers, as author of books on political history and religious liberty, and in many other capacities, Oscar S. Straus has always been a man of the first rate in his generation.

Republican papers are also hearty in their commendation. To take three from different parts of the country, the Waterbury, Connecticut, "American," the New York "Tribune," and the South Bend, Indiana, "Tribune," the first says:

Oscar Straus was nominated for Governor . . . by the lucky inspiration of an unexpected man, and by the quick realization of the opportunity on the part of the delegates. Mr. Straus is one of New York's best citizens, with a National reputation for honorable business success, private benevolence, and broad-minded public service.

The New York "Tribune" also prophesies:

The nomination will everywhere be regarded as creditable, and in some parts of the State will be strong. Mr. Straus is not personally well known in the rural sections, and he is not likely to be an effective campaigner, but he is influential among a large class of voters in this city, and, though he is not specially known as a radical, his standing as a philanthropist will make his candidacy pleasing to the social workers and semi-socialists whose zeal has been so manifest in this Convention.

The South Bend "Tribune" declares of the candidate:

His motives and his sincerity are beyond question. As a man he has the admiration of the whole country, and his record is untarnished.

Progressive papers are, of course, delighted. We select three for quotation, the New York "Mail," the Chicago "Evening Post," and the Kansas City "Times." The first says:

The nomination of Oscar S. Straus at Syracuse by an entirely unpremeditated stroke, and in a way which took the Convention's breath as by a glorious surprise, was only one indication of many that the Progressive movement is greater than the Roosevelt candidacy.

The Chicago paper thus comments:

The nomination of a Hebrew for this important office is in splendid accord with the true spirit of this new democratic party which knows the prejudice of neither race nor religion.

The Kansas City "Times" says:

It was particularly appropriate that a man who had presided with distinction over what has been called the "Department of Humanity" in the Federal Government should be called to the leadership in New York State of the party of human rights. . . .

But there is another reason why his nomination by such a party is appropriate. He comes of a race that has stood more determinedly for democracy than has any other people. . . .

The Progressive movement is a development of the same aspirations for justice and human betterment that animated the Hebrew democracy and the Hebrew prophets. . . .

Such a movement in the most important State in the Union is fittingly led by a man with such a heritage of democratic ideals.

So much for the man himself. But the nomination has a special significance and has already done a special service in compelling both Republicans and Democrats to search their ranks for another than a mere "machine man" to oppose the Progressive nominee. The New York "Evening Post" (Ind.) admits that "the campaign for Mr. Straus is one that will have to be seriously reckoned with, and that both of the old parties will be put to their trumps to meet."

As to the Republicans, the New York "Tribune" (Rep.) thus warns:

The character and ability of Mr. Straus are such that independent voters may easily turn to him, even though they feel that they are wasting their votes, if they are not reasonably satisfied with the alternative offered by the Republicans to the continuation of Tammany rule at Albany.

As to the Democrats, the Columbia, South Carolina, "State" (Dem.) puts the matter pithily to New Yorkers when it says:

The nomination of Oscar S. Straus means that the Democrats of the Empire State must eliminate Murphyism in self-defense.

To this the Baltimore "Evening Sun" (Dem.) adds:

With weak, machine-made opponents in the regular parties, it is conceivable that Straus might sweep the State; and, in the event of such selections, it is very much to be hoped that he would.

Thus, as the Gloversville, New York, "Herald" (Prog.) concludes:

Everywhere . . . it is conceded that the nomination of Oscar Solomon Straus . . . is the strongest that could have been made. Likewise it is conceded that the new third party . . . has set a mark which will be difficult for the Republican and Democratic parties to measure up to. . . . The nomination of Mr. Straus has placed the Progressives in the running as nothing else could have done.

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A GREAT RULER

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

This address was delivered at the meeting in memory of the late Emperor of Japan held in Carnegie Hall, New York, on the evening of Friday, the 13th inst.

THIS meeting in memory of the late Emperor of Japan is the first commemoration by the Far West of a ruler of the Far East. The image of the Oriental monarch in the Western mind has been that of a voluptuary with the instincts and habits of a tyrant, whose wise acts were performed by others and whose evil deeds were his own. Mutsuhito was as far removed from this type as Washington was from Genghis Khan. Like the great American, the great Japanese was not the exploiter but the servant of his country; frugal in the manner of his life, tireless in labor, and a scorner of those who wait to be served rather than bind on their shoulders the burdens of many. If this constancy of devotion to others, this quiet change of privilege into responsibility, with the courage and constancy to foresee and aid the rebirth of a nation, make a man great, then Japan has lost a great ruler.

When the head of a state, in a crisis in its history, has the counsel of able men, it is not easy to distinguish his work from theirs. Nor is it necessary; for great things are done by co-operation, and the making of a nation is an achievement so vast that, while individual services may have varying degrees of value, the vision and self-surrender cannot be apportioned. Japan was greatly served in her time of change, but she was also greatly led. In such a crisis greatness of nature is even more sorely needed than greatness of faculty, for through the darkness and uncertainty the faith that holds a clear purpose must move steadfast and resolute, unselfish and untiring, before a doubting people.

Of such a temper was Mutsuhito, of whose reign the whole world has heard, but of whose personal fortunes in the rising fortunes of his country it has known little. That he was of the substance of which great men are made was shown at the very beginning of his career by an achievement unique in the long history of kings. Many rulers have drawn away from their subjects and taken on the attributes of divinity, and loyalty has passed on into awe and worship; Mutsuhito emerged from the seclusion of the demigod, in which his ancestors had lived for many centuries, and became a man among men, and instead of losing the reverence of his people gained their passionate devotion.

When the boy of sixteen ascended the throne and made the first confession of his faith, in a speech as brief as Lincoln's Gettysburg address and as memorable, a curtain descending to his waist hid his face from a people who had not seen their Emperors for long generations. The voice which spoke was the voice of a demigod, but the words were those of a man filled with the modern spirit. "Let the popular assemblages be established far and wide, and let public opinion decide public questions," it said; ". . . let us destroy the evil usages of the past; let us build on the foundations of the great principles of heaven and earth. . . . We wish to bring about such changes as never were before in our country; and We ourselves shall lead the way." Never were words more revolutionary spoken in so constructive a spirit. The Emperor came out of the seclusion and mystery of the palace to become the leader of a radical reorganization of his country. It was a supreme test, and only a great nature could have met it. It was one of the most dramatic transformations in history, and only a great man could have passed through it.

When Mutsuhito ascended the throne, Japan was in the sixteenth century; when he died, Japan was one of the leaders of the twentieth century. Then she was a museum of feudal arms and arts; now she is equipped with the latest education and the tools of the latest science are in her hands. Then she was divided into feudatories, under arbitrary rule; now she is a nation, growing swiftly in strength and authority under a government as liberal as it is intelligent. Then Japan was led by soldiers; to-day she is led by statesmen, scholars, scientists, experts in every field. Never before has a nation deliberately changed its organization, its education, its arms. The appearance of Japan among the great Powers was dramatic in its suddenness; but the nation did not suddenly rise to greatness; greatness

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is the product of long preparation. The soldier changed his arms, but the soldier had not been changed; a thousand years of discipline had given him the habit of courage, the habit of obedience, the passion of patriotism. The Japan of to-day is the flowering of that old Japan which hid its strength, like a Damascus blade, behind exquisite craftsmanship.

The young ruler had the great gift of vision. Standing in the sixteenth century, he saw the twentieth century; and under his leadership the nation, in a generation, traversed three centuries and stood, open-eyed, equipped and trained, on an equality with nations three hundred years her elders in modern methods. There was the prescience of genius in such a vision as this, and Mutsuhito must be counted among those rare spirits who see in advance what most men see only when it lies like a distant landscape behind them.

To him also belongs the honor of a noble hospitality of nature. For it is only a man of large heart who can make himself the servant of inspiring ideas, the executor of far-reaching plans, which others have originated. It may be that Japan owes more to the mental alertness, the clear-mindedness, of the Emperor's counselors than to his own fertility and quickness of brain; but if this be true, it diminishes not one whit his greatness of soul. The nobility of nature which receives from every source, that it may have the more to give, is rarer than the power of origination. There were far more brilliant and variously gifted men in the services of the American colonists than Washington; there was none so great as he. When, in the long future, Japan recalls the names of her emperors and of her statesmen, she will always count Mutsuhito among the greatest in both groups.

The honors which the Japanese pay to a great ancestor we pay to a great contemporary. It is easy to recognize a great man when he has become a historic figure; fortunate are we when we can lay our hands on greatness and not look on it from afar. If to step out from a cloud of incense and become a man; to put service to others in the place of their adoration; to see across three centuries and with a prophet's instinct guide a nation through tremendous changes; and, clothed with absolute power, to share that power with a nation and to work untiringly with others and for them, make a man great, then surely we may say of this man that, having left the august company of the gods, he bore himself so nobly in his journey through the world that he returned to them. He who said at the beginning of his reign, "Let us seek knowledge throughout the world," had earned the right to say at the height of his career:

"O man, look up, even in the hour of weal,
When Progress leads the nation, and revere
The grace of God that watches o'er the earth.

When hearts of men
Are cloudless, free from all defiling strain,
The mighty gods, clearly beholding them,
Fill them with their pure light."

THE REED

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

As when the poet, muttering low,
Doth feel his blood prophetic flow,
And reaches with his hand
For some diviner instrument
To give the coming music vent,
My hands moved to and fro.

"O Face Divine that bent over my youth
With sweet, victorious, battle-quick breath,
Who sealed on my lips the love of truth,
And taught my childhood the lore of death,
And I caught from thy bosom the glow and the lift
Of thoughts whereon I heavenward drift,—
Spirit of Justice, purest and best

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Of the powers that spring from the human breast,
What is thy will?" I murmured low.
"I see thee sweep thy robe from the land;
As one fain to go I see thee stand,
And I, too, am fain to go."

She looked as one who sees in pain
His armies waste away in vain
And from the lost field turns;
His plans o'erthrown, ambitions fled,
Glory obscured, and comrades dead,—
His bosom darkly burns.

"Thou hadst a reed," she said;
"Its notes were battle-born;
I would hear if its dumb stops keep
Some echoes of its morn.
Sing me the hosting music
Of men who march to death;
Bring me the reed of thy boyhood,—
Though it holds but a little breath,
I shall hear on its faintest flute-note
The feet of a million men;
It was a curious instrument,
And seemed both sword and pen."

I took the reed I threw away;
I tried again its music rude;
A blush came over the laurel spray,
And the eagle rose from the wood;
And the reed, as 'twere from a brazen throat,
With my boyhood breath blew a trumpet-note:

"Peace be with God! armies and fleet,
Marshal them, launch them, after my feet,
Who am gone to the field where dying is sweet!
Youth, all the land over,
Your manhood discover!
Part, maiden and lover!
Swords, over the border to the realms of disorder!
In the shadow of war sleeps the fate of all lands;
I am Justice,—the dream of the world in my hands."

"Lo!" she said, "where the loud cannon spoke for the cause,
Half over the land the silenced laws!
Shall they bind with a pact the realms abroad,
Who maintain not the bond on their native sod?
What noble assizes Americans make
With bloodhound and rifle, the noose and the stake!
The strength of his arm is the taskmaster's creed;
How long will laboring millions bleed!
They mind ill the lesson of times gone by,—
When the silence is deepest, 'ware Truth's war-cry!
And the rich man's gift with his lavish gold
Is children's children to usury sold.
War hath its crimes, which may time decrease!
The crimes universal are crimes of peace."

Like a hand-fast child I held to the flute;
Deathly wan were her cheeks;

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Fain was I to be understood,
As one who stammering speaks.
I pressed the reed to my mouth;
I spent my kiss of fire;
The little stem enraptured shook
With the glory of the lyre:

"With the popular breath the planet
This way and that may roll;
I am the Master of empires,
I am the Lord of the soul.
Throne whom they will in the churches,
Crown whom they may in the school,
Who obeyeth me is the Christian,
Who denieth me is the fool.
I buried Egypt at daybreak;
I doomed Nineveh and Rome;
The starry spear of Paris
Late drove my judgment home.
With ships and arms let nations
Steel hard their cities and coasts;
One word of the lonely Truth-teller
Lords it o'er fleets and hosts.
My heralds summon Asia;
I have mined the Muscovite;
My Peace, my War, are equal powers,
The left hand and the right."

"Ah, here," she said, "how was my coming sweet,
And o'er all other lands was this land dear!
I thought to fix my everlasting seat
Hereon, and stay my world-wide wandering here."
Full heavily she leaned upon that lance
Which through the sides of nations makes its way;
Then saw I in her eyes a light advance
As 'twere the flaming majesty of day.

I blew; on that weird flute
Seemed coming from afar
The trample of all human feet
That ever trod this star;
Hard on Turanian rock,
And desert-soft on sands,
Poured the innumerable footfall
Of the children of all lands:

"Not for a single age,
Not for a favored land,
Not for a separate race,
Was heavenly Justice planned;
But destined to one fold
Of science, art, and love,
Are the wandering peoples all
And every soul thereof.
Lo! where the old East flames,
How great a light hath broke!
Lo! what a burden falls
From Allah's patient folk!

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Their feet are many millions
Who toward light traveling are,
Where world-wide beams thy promise
From Freedom's morning star.
Come, though grief be thy portion,
And war thy housemate be,
Thou canst not build on less than man,
Nor man on less than thee."

I rose, still fluting in the dark,
And to her side drew nigh,
And all the while new stars were sown
In th' interminable sky:

'Through many thousand ages
May man's ideal refine!
Yet here in nature's periods
The brute shows half divine,
Who thinks that he who loves the most,
And most denies his lust,
Who giveth all and taketh naught—
Only that man is just.
And still we dream beyond this truth
What deeper glories lie;
Come, Justice, teach mankind to live,
Teach nations how to die!"

On that dark strand she bent her head full low,
Far down, and with her tears my hand impearled,
And drew it into hers, and led me forth,—
"Come," said she, "sing thy reed-song through the world."

FIRST AID TO THE HOME BUDGET-MAKER

BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

"I HAVE three thousand a year," writes a man from Wisconsin. "How ought I to spend it?"

A woman from New Hampshire duplicates this question, and men and women everywhere cry out for a schedule on which they can drop their money and see it run, like marbles on a bagatelle board, into the proper pockets.

When these questioning ones are financially at the lower edge of the middle class—that is, have about $1,200 a year income and the average family of three children—such a schedule is not hard to make, because it involves only the least expenditure that will insure physical efficiency. At the rate of thirty-five cents per adult man per day, they must spend $447.15 for food; shelter will cost about $144; clothes, a minimum of $100; light, heat, and other operating expenses, $150; insurance, savings, recreation, health, and the cost of keeping a child of fourteen in school instead of sending it to work, approximately $312; while about $46.85 must go for incidentals. This I believe to be the average minimum of maintaining an average family in health and decency in the United States to-day.

During the last four years some two hundred accounts of the expenditures of middle-class families have come to me. It is obvious that the general level of instruction in mathematics is pretty low. Sometimes the accounts do not balance within $300; sometimes people state frankly that they spend their incomes "probably about such and such a way." One man says naïvely:

"I notice that this account adds up $211

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more than my salary, so I suppose there is a mistake somewhere."

There is!

But, in spite of the popular inadequacy in the presence of figures, *seventy-six* budgetary accounts are mathematically correct and bear the stamp of truth. These seventy-six are from every part of the United States, cover practically every occupation of the middle class, and concern no income of over $5,000 a year. That seventy-six records of this character furnish slight basis for elaborate generalization I fully realize; but the conclusions to which they lead are valuable as indicating the truth. These budgets show that families with incomes of $1,000 or below, from whatever part of the country they come or in whatever work they are engaged, average less than the minimum expenditure for health in every item. Even considering that they average only one and a third children to the family, and therefore need only $332.15 a year spent for food, they do not actually reach this food minimum by $66.75, and they average a total deficit of $72.97. Obviously, families with incomes near $1,200 a year—the line of decency which marks the entrance to the middle class—have little choice as to how they spend their money if they are to remain physically efficient. It is possible to say how their family budget *ought* to be made. No budget will make an income of less than $1,200 enough; it cannot spend one dollar twice.

For instance, take the expense account of the Caldwell family—father, mother, two children under seven—living in Chicago on an income of $1,079.50 a year, with a deficit of $191.18; the expenditures for such a family, on such an income, in such a place, according to the minimum for health, should be:

MINIMUM	
Food	$344.93
Shelter	144.00
Clothes	100.00
Operation	150.00
Advancement	312.00
Incidentals	46.85
	$1,097.78

MR. CALDWELL SPENDS	
Food	$304.26
Shelter	307.50
Clothes	115.25
Operation	185.36
Advancement	288.20
Incidentals	70.11
	$1,270.68

The most a budget can do for Mr. Caldwell is to show him how to reduce his deficit to $18.28, and point out his three lines of action: earn $18.28 more a year, work out some co-operative scheme by which the things he must have will cost him less, or give away the baby. People in his dilemma have tried all three. Mr. Caldwell, being on the ragged edge, can take a budget ready made.

When the income is over $1,200, the family has passed the line of decency and entered the realm of choice. Whether the surplus is wasted or saved *need* not affect their physical efficiency. Their budget need not say how the income *must* be spent, but will show how it *may* be spent to gain whatever special end the family has in view. It is a philosopher's stone to transmute a mere money surplus into opportunity.

For instance, Mr. French, a teacher, with a wife and two children, having an income of $3,311 a year, and living in a large Massachusetts town, sends his expense account and asks how he can save $1,000 a year. Now it is perfectly evident that he can do this, because the $2,311 he would have left is enough to maintain his family in health. Here is a digest of his expense account:

Food	$386.76
Shelter	484.32
Clothes	413.25
Operation	439.46
Advancement	1,587.21
	$3,311.00

Mr. French's children are so nearly grown that the minimum cost of feeding them is, according to our standard, $434.35, which is $47.59 more than he spends now; but this difference is accounted for by the vegetables he raises in his garden. Probably he cannot reduce his food cost further. He pays $340.32 over the minimum for shelter, $313.25 over for clothes, $289.46 over for operation, and $1,275.21 over for advancement. But in his case these minimum expenditures must be modified by the consideration of what is customary in his profession. Teachers with families average $256.76 for shelter, $206.86 for clothes, $251.22 for operation, $754.34 for advancement, and $150.50 for incidentals, with a deficit of $12.20. Mr. French already puts into savings and insurance $337.34; to increase this to $1,000 he might reduce the shelter and clothing to what is normal for his class,

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and garner the $228.71 he would still need from the operating expenses of his household, or anywhere along the line of advancement, from charity or the church, recreation, travel, or gifts, or by keeping his daughter home from college.

Whether that $1,000 a year will not cost the community and himself a price he is unwilling to pay, no budget can show him. Will not his daughter's college training bring in a higher rate of interest than the bank would pay? Are not good clothes for the advantage of his family? The cost of operation could be cut if Mrs. French would do all of her own work instead of only part of it, as she does now. No budget will tell him whether it is wise for him to make these retrenchments or not. But if he considers the saving of $1,000 the most important thing he can do, the surplus above what is necessary for health, even according to the standards of his class, is there, and the budget will guide him to it.

It is a more delicate matter to adjust a family budget so that it will wipe out a deficit in happiness and social usefulness, but it can at least be made to show where the trouble lies in the case of such a family as the Wilsons of St. Paul. Mr. Wilson is a professional man, earning $3,000 a year, and there are two small children in the family. They are not trying to save more than they do, and they run no deficit; but, as Mrs. Wilson writes:

"As for advancement, you see, it is small. We have sacrificed it to the physical care of the babies. I belong to a college and study club, and my husband to a club or two of his profession, but we rarely attend, and have dropped from regular to occasional churchgoers. The children are the reason for everything we do, and the excuse for all we do not do. We have sacrificed community to individual efficiency. Is it worth while? I think so, though I sometimes chafe under it."

This is the Wilsons' budget compared with the minimum schedule and the average expenditures of their group:

	Minimum.	Average for Professional Group.	Actual.
Food	$332.15	$463.27	$445.00
Shelter	144.00	489.29	1,000.00
Clothes	100.00	252.43	400.00
Operation	150.00	393.72	550.00
Advancement	312.00	803.04	455.00
Incidentals	46.85	196.57	150.00

The Wilsons have a possible surplus of $1,800. Why should the responsibility of the way it is spent be put upon two small children without their knowledge or consent? Why should it be necessary for Mrs. Wilson to spend a lifetime chafing for things it would be for her advantage to have? Would not $700 or $800 deducted from the cost of shelter and operation give freedom and other valuable things in exchange? If the community were consulted, wouldn't it rather have some other return from the Wilsons than that they should live in even the most superior of houses?

If the spending of the surplus of a single family is a social problem, much more is the spending of the surplus of a group or profession. To determine how these group surpluses are spent I have averaged, in the tables on the following page, the cost of the different items of expenditure in the budgets I have collected both with regard to the size of the incomes and to the occupation of the father and the number of children in a family.

It must be remembered that these families with a thousand a year or less are not the immigrant families with the traditionally large number of children and the correspondingly high death rate; they are families who by tradition, feeling, association, and intent belong to the middle class.

These tables show that the amount spent on food increases from $265.40 a year for incomes of $1,000 or less, to $572.57 for incomes from $4,000 to $5,000, but that the *proportion* drops 4½ per cent for every $1,000 increase in income. The percentage spent for food is highest in the families of mechanics and clergymen, presumably because mechanics need a larger amount of food to replace their physical wear, and because the clergymen are compelled by the tradition of their calling to entertain many guests. It is interesting to find the lowest average for food in cities of from fifty to one hundred thousand inhabitants—that is, in cities large enough to have adequate transportation facilities for bringing in provisions, and not so large as to force up prices through an excessive demand. Food costs most in the smaller cities which are either metropolitan suburbs with transportation charges in addition to city prices, or which are aside from the main lines of transportation and have to pay abnormal freight rates. In other words, the cost of food, above the price paid the farmer who raises it and the butcher who slaughters it and the man who brings it to the door, is the tax paid the railways.

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The average amounts spent for shelter show that people with incomes under a thousand dollars have got to be content with tenement conditions if they live in the city, or similar inadequate housing in the country, and that such shelter can be had for eleven per cent of their incomes.

A sudden jump to twenty per cent takes place with an income between $1,000 and $1,200, which is the point of breaking into the middle class, and shows how much the middle class value a decent place to live in. From this twenty per cent there is a drop of three per cent with each thousand-dollar increase in income. Clergymen average the lowest for shelter, because a parsonage is often part of their salary; and the small capitalist spends the largest percentage; but the salaried employee and the struggling professional man spend the next highest, because respectable shelter marks their place in the middle class. The percentage spent for shelter is highest in cities of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, where the high taxes send up the rents.

The cost of clothing shows the most stable percentage of all the six heads of expenditure. It varies from nine to twelve per cent for all places, incomes, and occupations, with the exception of clergymen and physicians, whose professions require disproportionate expenditure on clothes. The minimum expenditure on clothes in New York City is $100 a year, and this is less than in most other places. All the accounts I have received from families with incomes of less than $1,000 a year show less than this health minimum for clothes, the average for this group being $86.87.

It appears that the middle-class standard of living, whether in city or country, in whatever profession and with whatever income, implies between $200 and $400 a year spent for the operation of the household. The farm budgets do show a higher expenditure than this, but that is because the cost of farm labor, which should be counted as a business charge, is included under household operation. Though here is a minimum below which the charges for food and shelter and clothes dare not go, operating costs can go down indefinitely. But where people have even a little leeway they appear willing to sacrifice a good deal for comfort and convenience, for light enough and heat enough, and a chance to substitute the work

OBJECTS OF EXPENDITURE AS CLASSIFIED BY INCOME

Income.	Number of Children.	Food.	Shelter.	Clothes.	Operation.	Advancement.	Incidentals.	Deficit.
$1,000 and under	1 1-3	$265.40	$91.33	$86.87	$116.17	$286.06	$41.13	$72.97
1,000 to $2,000	1 7-10	377.38	286.81	166.05	241.52	347.19	90.57	.57
2,000 to 3,000	1 1-2	510.44	408.36	255.22	357.31	893.28	127.61	.40
3,000 to 4,000	2 3-10	587.82	440.87	514.34	330.65	1,653.25	146.96	——
4,000 to 5,000	2 1-3	572.57	522.72	419.94	263.68	2,683.15	62.50	——

OBJECTS OF EXPENDITURE AS CLASSIFIED BY OCCUPATION

Occupation.	Number of Children.	Food.	Shelter.	Clothes.	Operation.	Advancement.	Incidentals.	Deficit.
Mechanics av. inc., $1,703.67	2 1-2	$432.67	$282.00	$163.00	$204.00	$556.80	$65.20	——
Salaried employees av. inc., $1,947.63	1 4-10	458.16	379.42	209.65	243.14	634.00	39.95	$16.69
Educators av. inc., $1,959.22	1 9-10	351.74	256.76	206.86	251.22	754.34	150.50	12.20
Physicians av. inc., $2,170.00	2	467.00	357.00	369.50	378.50	574.50	23.50	——
Farmers av. inc., $2,190.06	2 3-4	374.23	315.20	223.99	479.50	707.39	89.75	——
Capitalists av. inc., $2,266.66	3-4	497.00	548.33	228.33	217.00	664.66	111.33	——
Clergymen av. inc., $2,510.33	2 9-10	617.82	231.67	520.07	274.61	784.03	128.50	46.37
Misc. Professions av. inc., $2,601.38	1 1-7	463.27	489.29	252.43	393.72	803.04	196.57	3.06
Business men av. inc., $3,343.81	1 7-10	513.89	416.92	379.14	306.84	1,670.12	56.90	——

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of the laundry and the bakeshop and the clothing factory for the work of their hands. The amount of the operating costs which goes for personal service varies from $22.56 for families with incomes of $1,000 and under, to $259.09 for families with from $4,000 to $5,000, showing that only after the income passes $4,000 does the average family hire an average servant at the average price of $5 a week.

It is under *Advancement*, however, that we get the real significance of an increased income. This rises from $286.06 on a $1,000 income to $2,683.15 on a $5,000 income. The curve develops unbroken from the low-paid occupations to the higher, except in the case of educators, who are forced by the necessities of their work to spend a large amount on their own improvement.

The expenditure for *Incidentals* is a question of accurate accounting as much as anything, but the inability of people with less than $1,000 to live within their incomes, as shown by their average deficit of nine per cent, and the way this deficit shades to the disappearing point at $3,000 a year, is a significant answer to those people who insist that ability to live within one's income is purely a matter of good management, quite unrelated to the size of the income. Is there any reason to believe that men earning above $3,000 a year are more likely to select wives with reference to their housekeeping ability than those with incomes under that sum? What other explanation can there be for the fact that ill-paid clergymen in small towns run the highest percentage of deficit, while capitalists, business men, and successful physicians run none at all?

But, after all, it is the surplus, and not the deficit, that is important in these middle-class budgets. Do the various groups give an adequate social return for the extra amount of money they receive? To mechanics society gives $503.97 above the minimum for health, and it goes mostly into better housing, savings, charity, and the church. Their average of two and a half children is high for the middle class, but low for the wage-working class. The salaried employees have a surplus of $747.63, and they distribute it quite differently from the mechanics. They eat nearly $70 better, they increase their housing cost nearly $100 above the mechanics, they spend more than double what the mechanics do on clothes—the difference between the requirements of shop and office—but they also, like the mechanics, put most of their surplus into savings and insurance, even though they run an average deficit of $16.68 to do it. None of their surplus goes into increasing their number of children; on the contrary, they average about a child less to the family than the mechanics.

In the professions, where the surplus is $1,178.98, the average number of children goes up to nearly two in the family, and the bulk of the surplus of the professional group goes into better clothes—which might be called a professional requisite—and into savings and charity. In proportion, the professional men are more generous than any other group, although they, too, run an average deficit of $15.41, and spend only $243.98 for vacations, travel, education, books, and improvement in their profession—not an excessive amount, surely, when one considers how much we need better service in medicine, law, education, and from the clergy.

As a sharp contrast to the generosity of the professional men comes the niggardliness of the farmers, who give away less than three per cent of their incomes, although they average a surplus of $1,012.34. The farmers put $267.38 into savings and insurance, $15.43 into health, and $156.88 into books, education, recreation, and travel. Obviously the farmers choose money in the bank rather than college for their average of two and three-fourths children; or improvement or pleasure for themselves.

The business men have a larger surplus above the demands of decency than any other group of the middle class—$2,251.20. And $1,358.12 goes into advancement, while the remainder is distributed fairly evenly over the general cost of living. Now would it not appear that $1,358.12 worth of advancement is a social gain? But an analysis of this item shows that nearly 38 per cent of it goes for savings and insurance, 16 per cent for church and charity, while only 34 per cent ($570.41) is spent for education, books, and recreation. Business men have the choice between running an automobile and sending a child to college, and they have, on the average, 1.7 children to send. Altogether they have sufficient leeway, so that neither illness nor another mouth to feed need strike them with panic.

The small capitalists present an interesting phenomenon. They seem to be people who have backed out of life—people with small incomes, averaging $2,266.66, derived from

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investments, on which they prefer to live without exertion rather than enter any gainful occupation. Certainly they make sacrifices to follow their fancies. They have fewer children than any other group, spend only $102.65 a year on service, showing that they either underpay their servants or do without them; they spend four per cent less on advancement than even mechanics, and a higher per cent on food and shelter than people who are earning approximately the same incomes; they travel little, entertain little, give little; they simply continue to exist. As one of them says:

"It had seemed to us that college-bred Americans of the Eastern States were becoming standardized, were growing into a race of clerks. . . . We honored their sturdy sense of duty, their long-enduring rectitude, the patience with which they carried a heavy load. But we had no wish to be like them. . . . We saw the people of our own age losing health year by year through overwork, under sedentary life and lack of daily exercise. We saw them growing yellow and flabby and unfit, and the spectacle didn't attract us. . . . We have dreaded the tyranny of accustomed things, the settling down of habits, the getting rooted in one place so deeply that it would cause pain to shake loose, so at intervals we have flavored life with change. . . . We have waged a running fight on monotony and routine. We dread them more than we dread sin or mistakes of judgment, for we believe that they slay the inner beauty. When they interweave themselves with the human spirit and sap it, they destroy the only living thing within us, the only gift that can create and communicate joy. . . . By knowing many sorts of persons we have hoped that we have cut a larger piece out of life than if we had stayed well sheltered in our own environment of family and education. Realization is only for personal experience, and that we were denied because of the fortunate accident of birth."

Temperamental no end! But where does it get to? It might have dropped from the lips of the eloquent vagabond in Galsworthy's "Pigeon," or be heard rising from any bench-load of the unemployed in Washington Square. Shall man return to the world the good he gets from it by preserving an attitude of mind?

There are a few who, writing more in sorrow than in anger, ask how the church and the ministry are to be supported when people contribute so little to them. It is significant that all but nineteen of these seventy-six budgets class church and charity as one, as though they did not give to religion for value received, but as a gratuity to a mendicant. Only six of the families that put the church under a separate heading give it as much as they do to charity, and three of these six are the families of clergymen.

It appears from these average budgets that society is getting a very mixed product from the middle-class homes. There ought to be a valuable contribution from them, because most of them have a financial surplus with which to make it.

A surprising amount they are putting into savings and insurance—$300.58 per family per year—equal to almost 13 per cent of their incomes. The question whether this really represents a social gain or not can be answered only by an intricate balancing of probabilities. The money they save is not idle; it is in the hands of bankers and insurance companies. Are these making a better social use of it than the people themselves would if they spent it wisely? Could the old age, sickness, and death which this $300.58 per family per year is designed to meet be provided at a less social cost than the present sacrifices that are being made in order to hoard it? Is there a relation between the fact that the middle class contribute less than two children per family and this zeal to save? Would they be willing to launch a larger proportion of children into a world that assured them a comfortable old age?

Just as the making of an individual budget is indispensable to the efficiency of the individual household, so the collection and interpretation of the budgets of large groups is essential to the discovery of our social mistakes and the means of their correction. For society needs a plan as much as the individual household, and perhaps the most important result of all budget-making will prove to be the harmonizing of our individual plans with a programme of social welfare.

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THE VILLAGE AUTOCRAT

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

"THERE! I've got that fruit-cake packed, and I miss my guess if a single crumb breaks off—good afternoon, Velona Blood! I suppose you're Velona, aren't you, behind that huge bundle! You're the seventh bundle to-day—I never saw such a day! If it's ever over—yes, yes, drop it on the floor or the lounge or somewhere. Don't tell me you passed anybody headed for me—with a bundle!"

The child who emerged from behind the pile of folded garments was giggling delightedly. "Two thomebodies, yeth thir! One wath—"

"Never mind who it 'wath'—I'll find out in a minute! Velona, you thank your ma, won't you? Not for me—goodness! For those frontier folks. Everybody's sending in *stacks* of clothes, tell your ma. Velona, Velona, wait!—Ve-lo-na!" She had hurriedly sorted the component parts of the last big bundle, and was holding up to the light a little print dress. The child came scuttering back.

"Yeth'm."

"What's the matter with this dress?—what did your mother put it in for? I guess she couldn't meant to; it's a perfectly good little dress"—the use of slang was quite unconscious—"it's your dress, isn't it, Velona?'

"Yeth'm—my third betht," glibly. "It'th me thendin' it, 'tithn't ma."

"You outgrown it?"

"Merthy, no—it'th motht thpandy new!"

"Well, you take it right home, then—tell your ma it's too good to send. Tell her just what I say. She's sent enough without it—all those flannels to cut down. I do wish I didn't have to furnish the *judgment* as well as the barrel and the work of packing it!"

"Yeth'm, I'll tell her."

Suddenly the tired and heated face of the Village Autocrat broke into twinkling laughter; it was a gracious transformation. It was resting laughter.

"Mercy! Velonie! Come back here again. That child will go home and tell *that* to her mother! I never saw anything like children. Velonie Blood, listen to me! You say this over goin' home—just this an' nothin' more. You say: 'Kate Kemp says this little dress is too good—you sent plenty without.' That's every bit of the message, Velonie!"

"Yeth'm, Kate Kempth thayth thith little dreth—"

"Run along, run along! Next lady may recite. It's you, is it, Herrick Pile? What *you* brought for the barrel?" The "next lady" was small, freckled, in trousers. He held out a pile of magazines that oddly weighted and twisted his diminutive person.

"Grandmother said *p'r'aps* they'd like some *readin'* matter," the shrill voice enunciated in breathless sing-song. "She *didn't* have nothin' *else*." His eyes roved about the big, littered room in frank curiosity. "Because she never wears out an' I always wear *clear* out," he added at a breath. The Village Autocrat found herself smiling again. And she had thought herself too utterly fagged to do anything but cry!

"Run along. Oh, Herrie, *Herrie!* Thank your grandma. Tell her I haven't time to look, but I hope she didn't send any magazines that she could had bound. Odd numbers 'll do—I guess they'll be thankful enough for *those* out there on the edge o' nowhere! Good-afternoon, Phœbe Ann; is that a comfort you got? Well, that'll be good to use for packin'. I can wrap Josephine Pettibone's parlor lamp up in it—there, I did mean to try 'n' knock off the other two feet to it so it wouldn't tip so, but I can't *stop*. I haven't stopped since I got out o' my bed five o'clock this morning. Josephine ought to knocked off her own feet. It's got to go just as *'tis*, now. Phœbe! Phœbe Ann, thank your ma!"

"'Twarn't ma, 'twas Aunt—"

"Well, then, thank your Aunt Mary. You tell her maybe she oughn't to sent it—it don't look a mite faded."

Since early morning Kate Kemp, the Capable Woman of little Millville, had been rushing distractedly from one barrel to the other. For two barrels stood, partly packed, in the middle of her cluttered sitting-room. The one that was to go to the remote and dreary frontier home was being filled with the donations of the neighborhood. It was late this year in being despatched, and not another day must it wait if it was to reach its destination before Christmas.

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Numerous frontier barrels had been packed before in this little settlement of farmers and farmers' wives, but Kate Kemp had packed them all. It had been not alone in her capacity of president of the missionary society, as well as of the neighborhood "circle"—more than in either of these capacities it had been in her twofold capacity of Village Autocrat and Capable Woman of Millville. It was Kate Kemp who always did things. It was she who made all the neighborhood decisions, and now she was settling what people should or should not send in the frontier barrel. She had her own "view-points," and they took in the whole horizon line of the neighborhood—the decisions of Kate Kemp decided. It was not to be expected that Velona Blood's mother would insist upon sending the spruce little dress her generous soul had decided to sacrifice. Little Herrie Pile's grandmother would not insist, nor Phœbe Ann's ma.

"Here 'tis four o'clock—one, two, three—thank goodness, only three! I don't know what I *shall* do, I'm so driven! Alison Seaber would say I ought to have let somebody come and help pack—let *her* come—but I'm glad enough I didn't. Nobody knows *how;* we wouldn't been anywhere now. Let me see; did I put the drawer sachet in Sam's barrel? Yes, I remember—underneath the box o' fruit-cake. I hope the cake won't taste of violet sachet powder. And I put in Gertrude's silk petticoat—I know I did! I declare I *do* think I've done pretty well to keep those two barrels separate an' pack 'em *well;* I'd praise myself if I had time. Not a thing mixed an' got into the wrong barrel; I can swear to that! Now next—next I'll finish Sam's an' Gertrude's barrel all up an' head it. The Blessed Baby's down puff goes in last; I'm not going to have anything pressing on that! It's pretty as a pink, if I did make it an' break my back knottin' it!—did its grandma love it 'itty bit? Gertrude will be so tickled! But, gracious me, *won't* that fruit-cake go to Sam's 'right spot'! It'd keep six months if he'd let it, but he won't. And those cookies of Tryphenia's won't dry in a month o' Sundays; they're *better* dry, anyway. It'll be a relief to Gertrude to have something nice cooked up. I'm going to write her to give Blessed Baby some o' the cookies—yes, it should have one, so it should! Its grandma says it can." And what its grandma said was law.

For another hour the little Capable Woman toiled. She was conscientiously careful and thorough with the frontier barrel, but it was in the big son's and big son's wife's and Blessed Baby's barrel that she packed her heart. Among the dainty and useful and toothsome things, the barrel was full to the brim.

It was when she had got to the heading-up—the Capable Woman was quite equal to heading-up—that Alison Seaber came with her dainty contribution. Alison Seaber was the Capable Woman's dearest friend and intimate. She came in freshly and springily.

"For goodness' sake, Alison, don't look so *rested!* I'm a mind to—pinch you!—yes, oh yes, I know you wanted to come and get tired, bad enough. I'm glad I didn't let you—what you got in that package in *tissue paper?* I've got Sam's an' Gertrude's barrel all done—"

"This is for the other one, Kate. I hope you've got room for this; it won't take up many inches. I've just finished the last leaf of embroidery or I'd have got it here sooner."

"For the other barrel—in tissue paper! An' tied with a pink ribbon—are you making a joke? Because I'm altogether too worn out to jo—"

"It's a little baby blanket exactly like the one I worked for Gertrude—don't you remember, Kate, with the padded rosebuds in one corner? I scalloped the edge o' this one, too—that's what has taken me so long. I thought that poor little frontier baby would like a scalloped little blanket with padded roses in one corner." The gentle voice was calmly serene.

"Alison Seaber! Well, you can carry that blanket home again! It would look in keeping, wouldn't it, with worn-out flannels to be cut down, an' lame parlor lamps! I've got some idea of harmony, if you haven't—oh, gracious, yes, I know I'm cross! I'm *ugly.* I'm so tired I can't even *stop!* But I'm not going to put any embroidered baby blankets done up in ribbons on top of a mess o' half-worn clothes—I tell you that! You'll have to pack it in a barrel o' your own—I declare if I don't sit down I shall drop down!"

The face of the other woman underwent a rapid change from gentle ire to tenderness. Alison Seaber laid forceful hands on her friend's shoulders. She even gently pushed.

"Never mind baby blankets—you're so tired, dear! You poor thing! What you are

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going to do now is sit down in that chair and drink Tryphenia-tea. I'm going out into the kitchen to get her to make it, strong and hot. Two cupfuls. I'm going to turn you round back to those barrels. My dear, do you know how tired you are? Well, I'll tell you. You are too tired to *have your own way!*" Which indeed was very tired for the Capable Woman to be. She dropped into the chair, submitted to being dragged about to face the other way—drank the two boiling cups of Tryphenia-tea. While she sipped feebly, Alison Seaber did her own packing. To the best of her knowledge she put the dainty tissue bundle into the frontier barrel, slipping it out of sight underneath something soft and thick that lay on top.

"Promise me you will sit there one hour, Kate—promise! It may save your life, if it isn't too late! I'm going back home and make you something nourishing for your supper. I'm not going to ask Tryphenia to make it because then it would taste of home, and I want it to taste of somewhere else. You've got to eat every last crumb of it, too! It won't be polite if you don't!"

When she returned an hour later with her covered tray, she found Kate Kemp on her back in a darkened bedroom. Tryphenia had broken the news as she passed through the kitchen. "She's down with a nervous—headache, I mean. One of her worst, and I don't wonder! The way she's drove all day long! But she won't drive any *more* to-night, that's certain."

"Oh, poor thing! And my poor supper, too! You eat it, Tryphenia, every crumb—please. I'll go up and see Kate."

"*Me* eat—well, I s'pose I can, to save it." Tryphenia condescended. Alison Seaber went on up to the darkened room.

"That you, Tryphen—oh, Alison! Well, isn't this *bright!*"

"It doesn't look very bright to me. I'm so sorry, Kate! But on your own head be it—"

"It's on my own head all right," groaned the sufferer. "I don't care; I finished both those barrels an' *headed 'em up!* Directed 'em too—they're all ready for Enos Love to take to the freight depot. I can lie here an' take some comfort."

In spite of herself the solicitous sympathizer smiled under cover of the dimness of the place. Kate was militantly able to "take comfort" with a nervous headache if all her duties were headed up.

"Well, I'm glad you're *through*, dear—it's a perfect wonder your headache waited for you! If it had come on a single minute sooner—"

"Oh, it did. I hadn't headed the last one. I guess I directed 'em with my eyes shut! You know how everything blurs before my eyes? But I directed 'em *right*, I know that. An' they're all ready to *go*. Enos Love can—can take—oh, my head, my head! I don't care what Enos Love does!"

"Poor dear—poor dear! I'm going right out and let you go to sleep if you *can*. Tryphenia's eating your supper; I told her to. I'll see to getting word to Enos Love."

"Well, they're both *ready*, I say! I couldn't *see* the knothole in Sam's an' Gertrude's head, but I felt of it with my finger while I was directing. There wasn't any—any—oh, my head!—any *knothole*, I tell you, *in* the other one. You tell Enos Love—oh, gracious!—oh!—you tell Enos Love—"

"I'll tell Enos Love," soothed her friend, and softly tiptoed away. Out on the stair landing she waited to hear the groans diminish before she went down to Tryphenia in the kitchen. That saving soul had just finished the contents of the tray from somewhere else.

"Tryphenia, I'm some nervous myself," Alison sighed. "I am going to confess it to you, to relieve my mind—I packed something in the frontier barrel that Kate said shouldn't go."

"You didn't!"

"Yes—when she was back to. It rather scares me now, but I was brave as a lion then! I just determined that little scalloped petticoat was going! I made it—I guess I had a right to put it in. But Kate—"

"You better whisper. If she hears you she'll stagger down here an' unpack it."

"I guess probably she would—poor Kate!"

Too many days went by after the departure of the two Christmas barrels in Enos Love's express cart before news of either came back to Millville and of course to the Autocrat Lady of Millville. Kate Kemp fretted and worried in the secret inner room of her frets and worries, but she gave no outward sign. There had been time twice over to hear before any letter arrived. Then one came, and Kate put on her bonnet and went with it to Alison Seaber. She carried the

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letter straight out in front of her in rather a curious way.

"Well, Kate!—well, I *am* glad to set eyes on you! You are a perfect godsend this dreary day. Here I was feeling as lonely—"

"Well, you won't be lonely now!"

"Indeed I won't! I'll make us some tea and we'll have a nice, gossipy, old-lady time. What's the matter, Kate? You look put out. Haven't you heard from Sam's barrel or the frontier one yet?"

"No, I haven't—an' yes, I have. I haven't had a syllable from Sam an' Gertrude, but you read that," extending the belated letter, "if you want to hear from the other barrel. You no need to put your glasses on—it's plain enough to the naked eye! Read it—read it, why don't you? There was a storm blockade somewheres that delayed it; you see what date it is."

She rocked continuously while Alison read. Her expression was one of neither relief nor disappointment, but curiously compounded of both.

"Well?—*well?*"

Alison Seaber's fine, gentle face was alert with excitement. She put out a hand and patted the other's knee.

"Kate, it *is* 'well.' I—like it! I can't help it—I do! She—they—were so happy over it. It breathes right out of the letter! They never *had* anything so nice happen to them before, you know they never! Think of them unpacking, Kate—"

Kate was thinking. She had stopped rocking. Red spots had blossomed faintly in her clear, middle-aged cheeks.

"Kate, you are glad too! Sitting right there in that chair this minute, you are glad! You wouldn't take back that barrel."

"N-o," the word came slowly, with difficulty.

"No, I wouldn't take it back. Yes, yes, I'm—glad. But I ain't so glad as I am ashamed! I'm so ashamed I can't hardly breathe." She laughed out suddenly—a grim little laugh enough. "An' worst of it is I don't know whether I'm most ashamed of Sam an' Gertrude getting that other barrel, or of *myself!* What you sitting there mum as a post for, Alison Seaber? If you've got anything to say to me, say it!" But she had nothing to say. She only patted in a little more friendly way. Kate's grim voice went on. "The knot-hole wasn't in Sam's an' Gertrude's head, after all; it was in the other one. I was too crazy with my head to remember which was which. That's what happened—Alison, I'm most ashamed o' myself! I thought that other barrel was plenty good enough for frontier people, an' here I am blushing for it now Sam an' Gertrude's got it. I wouldn't blushed the other way about, would I? No, I wouldn't—I wouldn't! Oh, I'm going home!" She got to her feet. "I'm going home an' be ashamed there—it's more decent." But at the front gate she swept about and went back to her friend. She stood in the doorway, a strangely diminished and humbled Autocrat.

"It would have been quite a nice barrel if I'd let folks send what they wanted to. There was that new little dress o' Velona Blood's, for one thing. An' I wanted Phœbe Ann to take back her Aunt Mary's comfort because it was too good! I was afraid of having things too good! *I* was—nobody else. What other people were afraid of was *me*—they'd have sent nice things if I'd let 'em. What is the matter with me, Alison Seaber? Why don't you tell me what the matter is?"

"Don't, Kate—don't, dear! You no need feel so *bad*. There's something the matter with all of us."

"There isn't a living thing the matter with you. You'd have filled that barrel with hand-made little baby blankets an' embroidered the corners yourself. There, I'm going home an' stop myself talking! I've got to write a letter to Sam an' Gertrude." And this time she went through the gate and down the snowy road.

Alison Seaber, left behind, sat with a thoughtful face, as Kate had left her. The letter was still in her lap. Suddenly she caught it up and sought a special place in it. "I was right, after all," she thought. "I've been worrying for fear I might have put that little blanket in the wrong barrel."

She found her special place.

"Everything was so beautiful!" she read; "so perfectly wonderful! so flavored and sweet-scented with and *stitched* with loving kindness. But right at the top I found something that filled up my heart so there was hardly room for the rest. That little, little blanket! I *know* somebody made that just for my blessed baby!" So there had been two Blessed Babies, one in each barrel! Alison's lips quivered as they smiled. "I'm somehow so certain sure! I spread it out, and the little corner was all full of soft little

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flowers that somebody sat *hours* and worked. That little embroidered corner carpeted the warmest corner of my heart and fitted right out to the walls! If I could see that dear woman—"

The dear woman's head was down on the table, and Allison Seaber was frankly sobbing.

The eyes of the other woman, who was plodding rather heavily home, looked neither to right nor left. Straight ahead Kate Kemp beheld a new view. It was wider and sweeter than any her eyes had seen before. She gazed steadily and unflinchingly, though the light hurt her eyes.

Tryphenia was humming over her work; few worries assailed Tryphenia. To her appeared presently her mistress, curiously shaken and softened.

"They liked your cookies, Tryphenia. When I write I'm going to tell 'em to let the baby have one, if they ain't all gone." She was turning away, but added another word: "An' my fruit-cake—they liked that. I'm glad I put in that second cup o' raisins." This time she was really gone. But Tryphenia followed her to the foot of the stairs, waving a letter she had taken from the mantelpiece.

"You had two letters—that little Herrie Pile's a turrible fergetter. He had 'em both all the time. My! he was scairt when he come flyin' back with this one his ma'd found in his pocket!"

Kate Kemp leaned down and took the letter. "He needn't been scared," she said. But she meant, perhaps, that the little Herries of Millville need not thereafter fear her when they forgot. The letter was from "Sam an' Gertrude." It was always of the two together that she spoke and thought. Her Sam and her Sam's Gertrude—and Blessed Baby.

"'Dear Mother, I've waited all this time to think up what to say, and I haven't yet! Sam won't say a single word. It made him mad, but it didn't me, except right when we unpacked. I told Sam nobody ever *meant* to send such a barrel to any one; it was just a mistake.'"

"Yes," murmured the reader, "it was just a mistake."

"'It couldn't ever happen again in two worlds, I told Sam.'"

"No—no, it never could!"

"'So you see I stood it better than Sam—men can't stand things! I said I'd just wait and see what happened next. And while I was waiting I solved the riddle myself! Just this morning early, before light—all at once I said right out loud (and Sam and Blessed Baby both asleep)—I said, "That barrel was meant for a poor minister somewhere!" And I know it was. "And there was another one meant for us!" I said, right up straight in bed with not a soul to hear! Oh, mother, I know what a lovely barrel that other one was (if there was one really), and—mother, you listen! I'm glad it went to the poor minister's wife instead of me! I don't care what Sam is, *I'm* glad. For you see I know now how it felt to unpack this one, how *she'd* have felt.'"

"She wouldn't have—she wouldn't have, if I'd let folks alone!" this self-deposed Village Autocrat cried in defense of her neighbors. "If I'd let 'em send just what they wanted to—*they* weren't to blame. Oh, what was the matter with me!"

That afternoon arrived Alison Seaber with her thimble on. She found Kate surrounded with billows of soft, silken stuff.

"I'm making Blessed Baby's little down puff," Kate said, busily stitching. "I can't stop to say, 'Take a chair.'"

"Of course not. Give me some breadths, Kate; I came on purpose. Don't you see my thimble's all on? You going to tie it with pink?"

"Yes—just like the frontier baby's," Kate Kemp answered quietly.

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BEHIND THE BARS

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRISONER IN A NEW YORK STATE PRISON[1]

"IT is the sentence of the Court that you be confined in the State Prison for not less than two years and a half and not more than five years."

How often these words, or those of similar import, meet our eyes in the daily press! Sometimes we stop long enough to wonder what actually happens to him to whom they are said. True, when the culprit is a person of prominence or the offense is a heinous one, the reporters usually follow him to the prison gate, and then proceed to write lurid and usually wholly inaccurate accounts of what transpires after the gate closes upon the offender. It is the purpose of the writer to recount the actual experiences he underwent while imprisoned for an offense against the laws of the State of New York. That there may be no misunderstanding, let me say at the outset that, deeply as I regret the utterly foolish and wrong things that led me to prison, I shall always be glad that the long and weary fight in the courts was lost; that I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that for my offenses against organized society I paid society's penalty.

Never mind what I did. Suffice it to say that it was not serious enough in any way to stir the community where it was committed, but was bad enough to cause those whose business it is to enforce the criminal law to desire my company. No serious fears of arrest had ever entered my mind; so long a time had elapsed since the offense that I had come to believe myself immune from punishment. So when, on a bright summer day when the outdoor world seemed peculiarly attractive, a pleasant-spoken gentleman approached me and said, genially, "The Chief would like to see you," I was more surprised than frightened. He took me to Police Headquarters, and, after a brief interview with the Chief, in which he courteously offered to telegraph any friend I might name if I could thereby establish the fact that he had made a mistake in identity, I was locked in a room equipped with a bed, two chairs, and toilet facilities fully as good as in the less expensive hotels.

[1] While the name of the writer of this article is not given, The Outlook is assured by trustworthy evidence that the article is from the pen of a prisoner and is the record of actual experience.—THE EDITORS.

There I remained for over a week, and then was taken before a local court for a preliminary hearing.

This lasted but a few minutes; the Court found "probable cause" for holding me, and I was remanded to the custody of the sheriff to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Now, for the first time, I had a taste of prison life. Theoretically a prisoner is innocent until he is proven guiity; practically an accused person who cannot give bail has the time spent in jail as an additional penalty. Only very rarely do the judges take into consideration the time so spent in meting out sentences after conviction. Confinement with nothing to do but read, play cards, eat, and sleep is infinitely more irksome than a prison term, where at least one is certain of employment during a large portion of the weary hours.

The jails of New York vary greatly. Some are indeed the last word in prison construction; others are scarcely fit for the habitation of animals—a statement fully sustained by the reports of the Board of Prison Commissioners. Happily for me, I was confined in one of the former class. Each man had a cell five feet by seven, lighted by an electric lamp, well ventilated, and with excellent toilet facilities. Between the hours of six in the morning and five in the afternoon all were given the freedom of a large corridor about twenty feet wide and ninety feet long. This afforded ample room for exercise, while six large windows gave plenty of light and air. Yet when one remembers that the time between Grand Jury sessions is sometimes six months, and that those arrested immediately after the adjournment of one, as I was, have to await the next, it will be readily seen that so long a time without outdoor exercise is more or less injurious to the prisoner. Further, many men so held are exonerated by the Grand Jury. It is therefore a gross injustice that its sessions are held so infrequently in many counties. The abolition of the Grand Jury and the substitution of trial on the formal charge of the District Attorney, a practice followed in some jurisdictions, would be a great gain.

At length the Grand Jury met; I was

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indicted, tried, and convicted, which conviction was sustained on appeal. Then came the sad day when I was summoned to the bar to hear the judgment of the Court pronounced. My sentence was more severe and longer than I had expected, longer even than is now allowed by law for such an offense as I had committed, but the judge who imposed it sincerely believes that only by the most severe penalties can crime be checked. With this position many of his brethren on the bench disagree.

After sentence was imposed a deputy sheriff stepped up to me, snapped a handcuff on my right wrist, and I began the journey, the saddest any one can take, as a prisoner to State Prison. The deputy tried to cheer me, but I would have none of his comfort. He told me that I would find many kind hearts behind the gloomy walls, but his words did not allay my suffering. I knew what was before me: the lock-step, the cropped head, the striped suit, the long hours of hard, humiliating toil.

We arrived early in the morning, and as I went in I noticed another man coming out, free. I looked at him with envy and surprise. He seemed well, he had no shuffling gait, such as I had read about, and his hair was wonderfully long. We went into the main building; the sheriff unlocked the handcuff from my wrist, and said, "I wish you good luck, old man," as though I was setting forth on an altogether pleasant experience. I could have struck him for his ill-timed levity.

I was next told to be seated, and waited quite a while. Then a good-looking officer stepped up to me, bade me stand up, asked me if I had a knife, and ran his hands rapidly through my pockets and lightly over my person. Assured that I had no weapon, he told me to follow him, and we walked into an office, where a pleasant-spoken gentleman took my watch, cuff-links, and money, and required me to sign a statement that these constituted all my valuables. I was then informed that the money would be placed to my credit, and that, subject to the rules, of which I would soon have a copy, I was at liberty to spend it as I chose. Then I was told to follow the officer. We walked over to the tailor shop. Here again my name was taken, I was weighed and measured, and required to take a bath. This over, I dressed, and found that I was permitted to retain my own underwear, socks, and shoes. This was pleasing, but it did not give me half the joy I experienced when my prison clothes were handed me. They were fearfully homely and fitted wretchedly, but they were not striped; the day of the human zebra is a thing of the past. This fact emboldened me to ask when I had to have my hair cut, whereupon I received the abrupt reply, "When you need it; we haven't cropped heads for years." As we came out of the shop the officer quite unconsciously relieved me of another worry, for he said: "Keep your hands at your sides, walk with a military step, eyes straight ahead." This told me that the lock-step had gone the way of other barbaric methods, though the peremptory tone of the command left no doubt in my mind that I was now, in fact, a chattel of the State.

However, as we tramped on my guide began to give me some good advice. He warned me that if I had ever been in prison before I would do wisely to admit it at once, for a heavy penalty was incurred by lying about one's record. I told him that this was my "first trip," and he was quick to reply: "You first-timers have a snap in here; in fact, any one will get along all right if he will keep a civil tongue in his head and do his work."

At length we reached the office of the clerk, where a round of questions was put to me, which I was thankful to be able to answer without hesitation or evasion. Then we proceeded to the warden's office to meet the man who for many months was to exercise over me an authority little short of a Czar's. The "Little Father" was most kind, asked me what my employment had been and about my education. He then said: "I'll keep you in mind. We can use men like you in here to advantage." Let me pause here to say that, so far as I know, no one on the outside of the prison ever exerted in my behalf any pressure upon the warden or upon any of his official subordinates. So much is said and written about the power of influence in such places that it is a pleasure to record that the agreeable work which later came to me came without a "pull."

After the interview with the warden I was escorted to the office of the deputy—or principal keeper, to give him his legal title. I had heard much about this man and his wonderful skill in disciplinary measures and his scrupulous fairness. My first sight of him was not assuring. He sat by his desk smoking, with an expression on his face which made me feel certain that he was a

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man with an ugly temper. He, too, wanted to know what I could do, and when he found I knew little of manual labor he assigned me to a shop where any man possessed of an ounce of brains could work with some degree of success. As the days went by my first impression of the deputy changed tremendously, and I came to understand that despite the grim expression he was not unkind, and that he was absolutely square towards every man. His is a hard task. On his shoulders rests the real burden of prison discipline. Every morning at eight he holds court, where the offenders against the rules on the previous day are given a chance to be heard and their punishment awarded. Amusing indeed are the explanations offered by the offenders against the rules. No wonder they try to excuse themselves! Sentence by this court entails real physical suffering. It consists of confinement in a dark cell, without a bed, the floor having many projecting bolts, making lying upon it more trying than standing up all night, and a ration of one slice of bread and a gill of water each twenty-four hours. After two or three days of such an experience the offender is likely to come out with a horror of further infraction of the rules or else in a savage and reckless frame of mind.

In addition to this physical misery breaking the rules entails other punishments. One is a loss of the commutation of sentence for good behavior which the prisoner would otherwise have earned, and a fine which is deducted from his compensation. This munificent wage amounts to a cent and a half each working day, and is paid from the earnings of the industrial department. As the usual fine is at least two dollars and a half, it will be readily seen that the violation of the rules costs a man a half-year's pay, or more.

But let no one imagine that prison discipline requires that such drastic treatment be exercised on many of the inmates. It should be remembered also that deeds which in the outside world would be thought trifles are not such in prison. To talk in the mess-hall, to whistle or sing in one's cell, to pass notes, to fail to keep step when marching, all these offenses and others entail punishment. So, when it is stated that the average number presented for trial at morning court is three, out of a prison population of fifteen hundred, the fact of the general good order will be apparent.

The next step was a visit to the chaplain, whose office adjoins the library, containing a collection of some three or four thousand books for the use of the inmates. These are distributed weekly to the cells, the men indicating by notes to the librarian the character of the books they desire to read. The chaplain of the prison to which I was committed has since left the service of the State, and the change can hardly be other than helpful. He asked me a series of formal questions, similar in character to those put to me by the clerk, then asked if I was a Catholic or Protestant, and if I played any musical instrument. With that the interview terminated. Neither then nor at any other time did he offer me any word of comfort, utter any word of cheer. I confess I was shocked and amazed, and—yes, hurt. Even though one offend against the law, one still is not altogether bereft of feeling. True, once a week a chaplain's call was held, and any man might attend it by giving his name in, in advance. This was all right as far as it went, but I am wholly convinced that when a man first comes in and the ground is fallow is the time when the chaplain should plow. No greater opportunity can come to any minister of God than to nerve his fellow-men in such extremity as are the prisoners of the State. That service should be rendered only by one actuated by no desire or aim other than to help and to comfort his suffering parishioners.

Next I went to the hospital, as scrupulously clean and as well equipped as any. Here a brief but adequate examination was made to determine if I was afflicted with any contagious or infectious disease. Happily, I was not, so the next step was to go to the shop.

Prison shops look like free shops except in one particular. Against the wall, but so situated as to command a view of the whole place, is a platform about three feet high with a high desk upon it. Here all day long stands the guard, watching his charges to see that they do not infringe the rules. When I was escorted to the shop to which I had been assigned, the officer in charge told me the principal things that would be required of me. He asked me if I knew anything of military tactics. I told him I did, and he looked relieved. Dinner-time soon arrived. We formed in company front in two ranks, counted twos, and at the command "Twos right, march," we tramped down the stairs and out into the yard. Then company after company marched through the yard and into

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the mess-hall. From this only a very few are excused, and they only for the most urgent reasons. The reason for this is that having the men all together gives an excellent chance to make certain that all are there who should be. Until every man is accounted for no one may leave the mess-hall.

Seated at the tables, the men all face one way; the food is on the tables when the men arrive. My first noon in the room I shall never forget. The meal was pork and beans, a dish I never liked; and, though it was served on crockery and one might sit down in partial comfort, the vista of years of this sort of thing banished my appetite completely. After the meal each man arose, with his knife and fork in his hand, and marched out, as he left the hall dropping the table utensils in receptacles provided for them.

It was winter, so the company marched back directly to the shop. Had it been spring or fall, we would have marched up and down the yard for a half-hour, each company having its turn at this great privilege, which does as much as any one thing to send a man away, when his time for freedom comes, sound in mind and body.

After reaching the shop I was put to work. The foreman, who is a skilled workman in the sort of work done in the shop, is not responsible for its discipline, but is for the character of the product. Naturally, therefore, he sets novices at simple tasks. Such was mine, indeed.

The industrial department of the New York State prisons is extremely interesting. The law requires the State and all its civil divisions and institutions to supply their needs from the prisons as far as possible; the prisons are forbidden to sell to any other customers; and, as a result, a very wide variety of goods are manufactured. Brooms and roll-top desks, tin pans and tip-carts, boots and blankets, these and countless other articles are made. The department is run at a profit, but it is not sufficient to cover the whole cost of prison maintenance. It affords, however, I believe, the best solution yet devised of the problem of prison labor.

As I tried to master my task, simple enough, but hard for my unaccustomed fingers, the foreman whispered to me something of the life story of my shopmates. A few feet away sat a good-looking fellow in his early twenties, possessing a remarkably kindly face, with large brown eyes; yet a jury had said he was guilty of murder in the second degree. A lad, not twenty, and looking very frail, walked across the shop. He, too, had been convicted of killing a man, and was in this place for life, though he, as well as the first, might be paroled at the end of twenty years. My own fate seemed less dreadful as I contemplated the awful penalty of these lads so much my junior in years.

Theoretically, speech between prison inmates is forbidden, but, as a matter of fact, it is permitted within reasonable limits. Long conversations are not allowed, but in most shops the men may speak briefly if they ask permission first. Here, as in all other matters, a great deal depends upon the guard who has the shop in charge. Some are far more lenient than others. They have wearisome work, and the pay is poor. They receive $1,200 per annum, and they work every day in the year, Sundays and holidays included, except for two weeks in the summer, which is allowed them for vacation. When it is remembered that these are the men who are to affect for weal or woe each of the men in their charge, that they constitute for the great majority the only persons, not prisoners, to whom the inmates may speak, their responsibility is apparent. Some of them I shall always cherish in my memory as friends; others are decidedly unfit to have authority over their fellow-men.

The work in the shop jogged on. There seemed to be no disposition on the part of any one to crowd the workers. "Hard labor" is a good deal of a legal fiction except to those to whom all labor is hard.

At length the short winter day which seemed so long drew to a close, the machinery stopped, the floor was swept, the men washed up, and then had a few minutes to read or exchange a hasty word. A grim-looking man walked towards me, his hand raised in signal to the guard that he wished to speak. Then he said, "Got anything to read?" and when I said I had not, he dug out of his pocket two magazines. I thanked him, wondering what he had done to bring him to prison. I asked the foreman. "Oh, he's been a crook all his life; this is the first time they've got him, that's all," was the reply. Yet this lifelong crook had been the first to do something to make easier the path of a man he had never seen before.

At last we formed in company again and marched away to the cell-house. As we entered the large doors I saw two tables piled high with bread, from which each man

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might take all he desired. But woe betide him if he took and did not eat! In State prison wastefulness on the part of an inmate is a cardinal sin. Following the man before me, I mounted three flights of stairs, and walked along a gallery until another guard indicated my cell. I stepped in and pulled the door to; he threw the bolt, and I was sealed in for the night in a room seven feet long, seven feet high, and three and a third feet wide. It was dimly lighted by a worn-out electric lamp. I took off my coat and looked at it. It was a dirty gray in color, its only distinguishing mark being a white disk on the left sleeve. This was significant, for it meant that I had never been imprisoned before, and that my record in the prison was without a blemish. Had the disk been blue, it would have meant that I was suffering a second incarceration; had it been red, it would have meant that at least twice before had I heard a prison lock thrown from the wrong side. Had it been a circle of any color instead of a disk, it would have meant that already I had infringed the rules. As the years go by a man by good behavior earns a bar for each year; and when five have been won, the five are exchanged for a star. But the disk is kept until some act of disobedience forfeits it, and then it is gone forever.

Nine o'clock came, a bell sounded, and a few minutes later every cell light was extinguished. Then night began in earnest, and into it was concentrated every form of mental and physical misery. The place was alive with vermin, and I had no sleep whatever, while with me constantly was the unavailing regret for my wrong-doing. If the sole idea of a prison is to punish, I was punished enough that night to last through time and eternity. It is fair to say that since that time white enamel paint has replaced whitewash in the cells, and that this much-needed improvement has practically eliminated vermin.

At last morning came, and at seven the guard unlocked my cell and I marched with my fellow-misdoers to the shop. Here an opportunity was given to wash, and then we marched again to the mess-hall, where a breakfast of oatmeal, skimmed milk, and coffee was given us. Here it should be said that, while the menu was monotonous, a greater variety of better-cooked food was served than in the county jail. On holidays especially a very sincere and successful effort was made to serve good meals. But breakfasts of hash, alternated with cereals, become wearisome after one has partaken of them for a year or more. It is well that it is so. Were the tables more attractive, probably other prisoners would do as an old Italian did—refuse to leave when his term had expired. He was put out by force, and then sat down on the curbstone and wept.

Breakfast over, we returned to the shop. In a few minutes "doctor's call" was announced. The phrase was a strange one. Briefly, the warden, the chaplain, the physician, the dentist, and the oculist have certain days when they may be interviewed. In each case, except the physician's, an officer is sent to each shop to get the men; they are then formed into one company and marched to the administration building, where they are halted and required to wait until their names are called. The doctor prefers to go to the shops, and, accompanied by a group of nurses from the hospital, all inmates, he hurries from place to place. Military in appearance and manner, he snaps out his questions so peremptorily as almost to terrify one into declaring himself well. But when the illness is genuine and serious, a man is sure of as careful treatment as in any hospital.

After the doctor had gone I was required to undergo the most trying ordeal of all. I was escorted to the Bertillon gallery, where I was required to dress in a suit of citizen's clothes kept for the purpose and submit to having my photograph taken, both front view and profile. Then detailed measurements of my person were made, such as the length, in millimeters, of my ears, and the distance from temple to temple, measured by calipers. Finally, printer's ink was smeared on my hands and was I required to make impressions on sheets of heavy paper, first of the whole of each hand, then of each finger. One set is sent to Albany, the other is retained in the prison.

It is not a grateful thought, when one is trying to recover one's place in the world, that, no matter how decently behaved one may be, his features and physical characteristics are forever a part of the State's record of its malefactors. Yet there is comfort in the knowledge that that fact does *not* make one a scoundrel, any more than the absence of some faces therefrom which should be there makes them good men.

The next day a pleasanter experience was mine, for some groceries I had ordered came,

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and I was called to the "box office," as it is termed, to get them. This is an interesting place, for here all mail for and all mail from the prisoners is examined, each man being required to sign an authorization for such examination to avoid any controversy with the United States Post-Office Department. Here, too, all supplies bought with the private funds of the prisoners are delivered. During his first year a prisoner may purchase three dollars' worth of eatables every other month; thereafter he may purchase that quantity each month. In July, November, and December, because of the holidays occurring in those months, he may spend an additional dollar.

When the voucher was handed me to sign in receipt for the price of my groceries, I learned for the first time that I had a number. No more ridiculous statement appears in the press than that a man in prison is known by his number and not by his name. The numbers are serial; those at Sing Sing are now over 60,000, those at Auburn over 31,000, and those at Clinton over 10,000. Imagine how cumbersome it would be to employ such numbers as names! The guards would be candidates for a madhouse if such a task were theirs. John Jones remains John Jones throughout his prison experience, and only knows he has a number when he has business with the administration officers, when the number is used, in addition to the name, as a further means of identification.

The days jogged on, each like its predecessor. At first they went slowly, but, once accustomed to the routine, and with one's time occupied, it was surprising how they flew. This seems incredible, but it was strictly true in my case at least.

Sundays constituted a most unwelcome break. The familiar words of the old hymn, "Where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end," are terrifying to the prison inmate after he has spent one or two of them behind those forbidding walls. At the regular hour the men are released from their cells and take a brief walk in the yard, followed, as on week days, by breakfast. Immediately after breakfast a mass is solemnized for Catholics by a Catholic priest. The Protestant service, conducted by the chaplain, immediately follows. Many men attend both services, for a reason which will presently appear. An orchestra, composed of inmates, plays as the men file into the chapel. When all are seated, the guards station themselves about the room, ten feet apart, the chaplain enters, passes swiftly up the middle aisle and to the platform. Divine service with an armed guard at one's elbow is not particularly comforting, yet it is far preferable to a cell. When the second service is over, the men march out and to the cell-houses, being handed a light cold lunch as they pass, which they carry to their cells. It is only ten o'clock in the morning, but the men will not leave their cells again until the following morning. Is it any wonder that they flock to church to escape for an hour confinement in a place only seven by three and a third? Occasionally real treats are theirs at the services. Some eminent clergyman or accomplished singer will give his or her talent to cheer the shut-ins. No man or woman who ever so served has failed of an enthusiastic thank you, uttered in the only possible way the men can, by tremendous applause, which is never checked by those in authority.

On holidays a still greater effort is made to make the day enjoyable. For this whatever shows are in town are relied upon to furnish an entertainment. To the credit of the generous-hearted dramatic profession let it be recorded that they never fail to volunteer, though it involve them in both trouble and expense.

I shall never forget the first execution which took place after my incarceration. The culprit was a young fellow who was guilty beyond a doubt, but that fact made the event none the less terrible. I saw the heartbroken mother as she was led away by her other children from the last sad good-by. I saw the young man himself as he was taking his final bath, the State being determined that he should be clean before being slain. Then, on a Sunday afternoon, the lights in the cells were extinguished while all the electric power was turned toward the dreadful chair, in a final test to determine if all was in order for the tragedy of the morrow. Monday morning came. It was a little after six. I lay awake on my bed, knowing that over yonder, hardly a hundred yards away, a boy was waiting to die. Then the hall lights grew dim, and every one of the fifteen hundred prisoners awake—and few were not—knew that the spirit of the lad had gone out into the unknown. Daylight came, and while the men yet marched about the yard the undertaker's wagon came, the wicker casket was taken into the death-house, to be borne forth a little later with all that was mortal of the boy of three hours before. Thus the State

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teaches the sacredness of human life. If the old vindictive code must still be the law of New York, in pity's name let the executions be held where they will not be a lesson in brutality to fifteen hundred caged men.

One day, shortly after I was assigned my shop, I spoke of the city of Cleveland to a man, over forty years of age, who worked near me, and was surprised to hear him ask me where Cleveland was. I could scarcely believe that one who looked so intelligent could be so ignorant. I resolved then that, of all work in prison, I should most like to teach. So I made an application for a position in the prison school. The following week the guard told me to get my things, and I was transferred to the school-house. It has seven class-rooms, an office for the head teacher, who is a citizen, and one for the two guards stationed there. It also has a library of two thousand volumes, which is distinct from the prison library. Its books are selected to meet the needs of the pupils as they progress, and it is none too large for the use of the five hundred men enrolled as students.

School begins at nine in the morning, with classes of from eighteen to twenty-five in each of the class-rooms. They stay an hour, and then return to their shops in charge of a guard. Each man has only one hour's instruction a day, so he must study at night in his cell if he wishes to progress. After being enrolled as a teacher I was assigned to a room to observe the methods of the teacher at work, who was, as are all the teachers save the one in charge of the whole school, a prisoner like myself. The class was doing first-grade work, and was made up of Americans, Irish, Germans, Italians, and Poles. They varied in age from eighteen to fifty. It was pathetic indeed to see those full-grown men, some of them gray-haired, striving to read such sentences as "I am a man," "I see a cat," or "This is my hand." After this each man was sent to the blackboard, the teacher would dictate some simple word, and the pupil would try to form it with chalk.

After four days of observation I was given a class to teach. I found that the men were eager to learn, and that they would behave as well as pupils in any outside school. True, on one occasion, an Italian refused to recite, and, when I insisted, came for me with the expressed determination of cutting my heart out, but that is the only instance of a serious outbreak that I now recall. Even those who came to the school for no other purpose than to escape for an hour the rigor of the shop were susceptible to persuasion, and often became bright pupils. An appeal to their sense of fair play, amazing as the fact may appear to those whose knowledge of misdoers is gleaned from the daily press, was nearly always effective, and the overwhelming majority were so glad of the chance to be helped to knowledge that they needed no urging.

Having been successful with the lower grades, I was given complete charge of the higher ones. These are easier to teach. Not only are the men more intelligent, but their attendance is not compulsory, as it is upon all those who have not completed the sixth grade or its equivalent in the free world. These higher-grade men are put on their honor; no blue-coated guard stands over them. They have such studies as history, civics, and debating, in addition to the more common ones. Debating was introduced to create interest in and to teach fairness of opinion on public questions. In this aim it has been singularly successful.

I taught school for many months. During that time I found that all the teachers, even though they were prisoners, were greatly interested in their work. As a result the school is a powerful factor in imparting information. A foreigner can, if he will, secure a common school education and come forth a better man than when he went to prison. The world has at last come to the just conclusion that ignorance begets crime.

After some time I was changed to another occupation. In the offices of administration much of the clerical work is done by inmates. This work is, of course, especially agreeable in every way. It is a great economy for the State, too. Many highly competent men go wrong and are imprisoned. Their services at a cent and a half a day and board make unnecessary the hiring of many clerks. A competent office man whose moral sense is not so blunted but that he can be depended upon to do careful work is sure of excellent treatment. Naturally these places are the prizes of the prison. To gain one of them is to be envied by one's fellows. So I was a happy man indeed when I learned that I had been appointed. It is difficult for a prisoner working in one of the offices to realize that he is in confinement. His immediate superiors treat him with perfect courtesy, he has complete freedom of intercourse

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with those with whom he works, and a pass that will take him anywhere he needs to go within the prison inclosure. It may be wondered if such treatment does not tend to impair the salutary lesson the man was sent to prison to learn. So far from that, I believe the precise opposite to be true. Latent in any man not hopelessly bereft of decency is a good impulse which, rightly guided, will again make a man of him. In evidence of this fact let me say that it was the proud record of my chief that no man who had ever worked as a clerk in his office had ever again violated the law. Tasks in which a man for a few hours each day may forget that he is a prisoner inspire him to look forward with hope and courage to the fight that lies ahead when he leaves prison. The hardest penalty the misdoer pays he pays after he is released. The haunting specter of his prison experience is with him constantly. He has the certain knowledge that, with very few exceptions, his fellow-men will shun him, not because he did wrong, but because he has been to prison. Anything that will help to stiffen the man for that fight, that will make him look the world in the face without flinching, is an invaluable service.

At last the time drew near when I should be eligible for parole. The parole system is so little understood, I regret to say, even by some of the judges, that it should be explained in detail. All prisoners convicted for the first time of a felony and sentenced to State prison in punishment thereof must be sentenced thereto under an indeterminate sentence, the minimum of which must be not less than one year nor exceed one-half the longest sentence which may be imposed for the crime of which the offender stands convicted. When he has served the minimum term, he is eligible for parole.

A month before my minimum expired two blanks were given me to fill out. One was a formal application for parole, the other a series of questions as to my previous career, containing space also for the names of those I was willing to refer to for a good word, and the name of the man offering me employment. No man can be paroled under any circumstances unless work awaits him on release from a responsible employer who is willing to agree under oath to continue to employ the parolee for a full year, if he shall conduct himself properly. As soon as my papers were filed the warden sent letters to my references requesting information regarding me, and an investigation of my prospective employer was made. The answers to the letters and the result of the investigation of my employer being satisfactory, I next, with over fifty other applicants, made calls on the warden, principal keeper, chaplain, and physician. Each of these officers makes a report favoring or opposing a man's parole, while the head teacher reports, in the case of those lacking a common school education on entering, what progress they have made during the prison term.

These preliminaries safely passed, we awaited the meeting of the Board of Parole, which then consisted of the Superintendent of Prisons and two citizens not otherwise connected with the prison department. On a warm summer afternoon the Board met. One by one we entered the room, were briefly interviewed, and left again, without knowing whether or not we had "passed." In a little while, however, the fortunate ones, about one-half of those that sought parole, were assembled in one of the corridors to listen to a speech from the Superintendent of Prisons, Cornelius V. Collins.

Mr. Collins is no longer in office. No possible advantage can accrue to me from saying what follows. I write it because it is due. The things that have done the most to make the prisons reformatory institutions—the abolition of stripes, the lock-step, and the cropped head, the introduction of military drill and the establishment of the school—are enduring monuments to his administration. In this last speech he struck so true a note that it will long remain in my memory. A single extract will show its character. A parolee asked: "Mr. Collins, I am paroled to go to K. My mother lives in Y, a hundred miles away. Can I go to see her?" Mr. Collins replied:

"Use your common sense. Of course you may. You may do anything that is decent and right. All that I ask, all that the State asks, is that you play fair. Be men, and you'll never have to come back here. Do otherwise, and you will. A violator of his parole promise will be followed the world over and brought back, and each one of you that is so returned hurts the chances of every man who wishes to be paroled in the future. I shall not see you again; good-by, and God bless you all." No man that heard him could for a moment doubt the sincerity of the speaker.

Now began the final stage of my prison experience, brief in point of time, but trying.

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I was paroled, but my actual release was forty-eight hours away, for Sunday intervened. It was a long day. True, I had been most kindly treated; had, in truth, no word of complaint to offer; but just outside the gate, and plainly visible, people were walking about free, and I wanted to be with and of them.

Monday came at last. I went to the tailor-shop and dressed myself once again in citizen's clothes. Then, with six others, I was escorted up the yard to the clerk's office, where my compensation was paid me, and the ten-dollar bonus which the State allows was also given me. Then, after bidding the officials good-by, I walked out, free.

No, not free. Loose is a truer word, for I was on parole. So my first duty was to hasten to the town of my employment, report to my employer, an old and valued friend who still had faith in me, and get to work. I remained on parole for a year, making monthly reports to the Superintendent of Prisons, and then received my final discharge.

The parole system is a splendid thing both for the man and society. It is good for the man because, coming from a place where he has not had to be concerned about food and lodging, he desperately needs the suggestions of a kindly friend and hard work to keep his mind off himself. It is good for society because its conditions compel many men who might otherwise again offend to hew to the line of right endeavor. Some fail, but they are surprisingly few, and some of the successes are signal. It is the most salutary method of reclaiming men yet devised.

When a man comes forth from prison is the hour when he needs sympathy and help a thousandfold more than while behind the bars. He feels himself an Ishmael, with every man's hand against him. He needs a friend; a friend who will put him to work, trust him a little, and more as he proves worthy. If this article shall stir the heart of some good man or woman to feel a personal interest in some man so situated, it will not have been written in vain. Fifty per cent of the nearly five thousand men now in the State prisons of New York are easily reclaimable, and their reclamation would prove the best investment either State or individual ever made.

THE SPECTATOR

MRS. SPECTATOR has had a change of heart about Christmas shopping. The Consumers' League counts her as one of its most loyal members this year—indeed, she is some sort of an officer in the organization—and she started out last January to do her shopping for next Christmas, thus showing her zeal by her works. Christmas presents have never been a bugbear to the Spectator, because she has always done the buying for both. But he has often wondered at the whole performance—the stores blossoming out in November with outlandish and unprecedented amounts of decorative and useless stock, the rush that mounts in a vast, hurrying, discordant crescendo week by week, the final smashing chord on the day before Christmas, and the wailing diminuendo afterward as almost every one gets what he or she didn't particularly want.

Therefore Mrs. Spectator's new departure has been interesting to his mind. It began with the January sales. "Everything that is really worth while giving," she announced, as she brought her first gifts out in triumph for inspection, "is just as good ten days after Christmas, in a bargain holiday sale, as it was ten days before for twice the price. Look at this lovely leather writing-case for Aunt Emma. I looked at them before Christmas, but they were just twice what I could afford. So I got Aunt Emma a card-case, and I don't believe she cared about it. Now I have this writing-case all ready for next time—"

"But suppose Aunt Emma should die before next Christmas," the Spectator captiously suggested.

"Why, Aunt Charlotte would just *love* it! And, besides, anybody might die suddenly the day before Christmas—not to mention that Aunt Emma has a Vermont constitution and will live to bury us all; and you've often said so when I was worrying over her rheumatism."

This reasoning appearing to cover the situation, Mrs. Spectator went on and picked up some really lovely brass things at a special sale in February—the Spectator put in an urgent request for one of them as a Christmas surprise, but is still left in suspense—and, as the summer came along, the possibilities of the plan became more and more alluring. Mrs. Spectator has drawn up a long and businesslike

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Christmas list, with the amount she is able to allot to each gift clearly set down, and any preferences the person may have noted. Thus:

Mary L., crazy over Russian things.

Cousin Henry, novelties.

Henrietta K., something *very* queer.

Aunt Helen, pretty fancy things.

"Then, as soon as I see the right present, I can get it; and if I don't see it, I have six months more to find it in. It's that awful last week before Christmas, when you've *got* to buy something in six days, whether you can find it or not, that makes a wreck out of you and your hopes," explained Mrs. Spectator, as she crossed off Aunt Helen with a firm pencil-stroke after attending a sale at the "Bandbox," at the little seaside place.

Every seaside and countryside now has these gift-shops. They began, *consule Planco*, by being places where local souvenirs could be bought to take to the folks at home. But now there are surprisingly interesting variations. For example, the Bandbox was selling for a few days the remnant of a collection of really exquisite fancy-work that had been on sale first at the Southern resorts in the winter. Its fragments had moved up in the early summer to this new starting-point, with prices greatly reduced, and would gradually melt away to nothing as it progressed. "The most *exclusive* things," said Mrs. Spectator. "You would hardly find them on Fifth Avenue. And the girl—she is putting her brother through college by it, and she has 'shut-ins' making the things for her, after her own designs, so it helps all around. This was made by an old lady in a Maine village, who has been bedridden for years, and her work keeps the mortgage paid up and the roof over her head."

Indeed, there seemed to be a story at the back of almost all the little summer shops and sales. When Mrs. Spectator bought a queer, pretty ring with an unusually beautiful semi-precious stone in it, she found that the young woman who sold it, with her sister, was a globe-trotter, roaming China and India every year or two to find quaint settings and out-of-the-way stones for the jewelry the two made themselves. The heavy silver necklaces, with their fringes of tiny bells and their lumps of uncut turquoise, were some of them direct from the Himalayas. The sisters had amulets and carvings and silks, and they had no New York rents to pay, so that Mrs. Spectator thus found Henrietta's present without trouble and within her price; and with it came notes of travel, so to speak, that the Spectator enjoyed extremely.

At the next summer place there was a young man supporting an invalid mother. He had been a salesman in a large novelty house, and so he opened this tiny summer shop in a tiny cottage, and his mother sat in a big chair and helped him keep store. He had every sort of novelty, and Mrs. Spectator got a steel and silver folding foot-rule that is also a cigar-cutter and a nail file, and that Uncle Henry will be lucky to get—the Spectator would have liked it himself. Incidentally, Mrs. Spectator and the invalid mother made friends, and the virtues of a good son were appreciated between them. And then there was the artist in metal, a delicate woman with slender, wonderful hands, who made jewels and did tiny pieces in beaten silver, and who did not like to make any jewelry without seeing the wearer, because "a jewel should be as individual as a portrait," she said. Mrs. Spectator became discouraged because she did not see how she could bring Lily G—— before this expert's mental vision, not even having a photograph of her at home. But the Spectator, going back later by himself, found that just the pendant that he had long wanted to have for Mrs. Spectator's next Christmas gift was now possible without bankruptcy.

Of course, in every village and along every board-walk were venders of the summer gift, useless and flamboyant as a department store Christmas assortment; and in every hotel parlor were those sales that one friend of the Spectator's calls "daily snares." But these could easily be avoided and forgotten. Day by day the names were crossed off the list, and satisfaction shone in Mrs. Spectator's eyes. "Just think of it! *No—shopping—in—December!*" she cried, victoriously. "And, really, you can spend more on each gift, because it doesn't all come at once. Then each thing has a background, too. It's *chosen*—it's an individual gift, not a mere grab in a rush hour. Just look!" This was said in the cunningest shop of all, an old fish-house and wharf, concealing in its weatherbeaten depths the spoil of a dozen European lands. Gay faïence from Quimper and Perugia elbowed Russian brasses, tiles from the Azores, and Sorrento inlaid work. A thin, tanned, wiry, wholesome New England woman was the presiding genius. She loved pretty things, she said. She preferred to use the property in this way rather than let it out for fish. Her brother was in Europe, at work in a German city. Every winter she went over to see him and his family. Every spring she brought home new spoils. She had been everywhere, seen everything, loved beauty, and chose her stock unerringly. Some of it was cheap, some choice and dear, but the note of beauty was in all. Outside in the road stood a tiny automobile. "I deliver things myself often," she said, as Mrs. Spectator hesitated over carrying a pair of carved bellows, from Florence, "and I love to

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run my car. I've driven it over most of the out-of-the-way roads of Europe, getting these things."

The Spectator has never cared much for the department store. Maybe he is wrong. But a Christmas independent of the department store seems to him a delightful departure; and now that Mrs. Spectator has found out that the virtue of early and individual shopping is its own reward, he hopes that her example will spread wherever her gifts carry their message of choice and leisure. Why should any one buy sixty presents in thirty days, anyway?

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

AN INDEPENDENT ON THE CAMPAIGN

[The following personal letter has come into our hands with permission to print it. We are glad to do so because it gives with lucidity, frankness, and we think with logic, an independent view of National politics notably free from any bias of personal prejudice. The letter was a reply to a friend of its writer, who in personal correspondence had given his own reasons as an Independent for supporting Governor Wilson, and had asked for the reasons which led the writer of the letter, an equally independent voter, to support Mr. Roosevelt. THE EDITORS.]

New Windsor, Newburgh, N. Y.

Dear Friend:

Be assured that I was glad to have you put the matter of your Presidential preferences in so clear and logical forms of expression.

In your premises—one and all—my agreement is virtually complete. My tendency of mind is thoroughly Democratic, and Mr. Wilson represents Democracy at its best. If I consulted my own preferences and nothing else, my choice would be that eminent "scholar in politics" and statesman, Woodrow Wilson. But preferences alone are never a true or safe guide. Frankly, if I consulted my selfish interests, in many respects Mr. Taft would please me even more than Mr. Wilson. My reason for so saying is that our small family, being (in very tiny fashion) in the capitalist class, is possessed of certain "securities" whose dividends would in my judgment be more likely to be and remain secure under a conservative or "reactionary" administration than under one radical or even sensibly progressive.

My study of economics is convincing of the deplorable results of "protection" as a National policy; but yet (most illogically), in the course of something like a century of intermittent changes of tariff, history points out the incontestable fact that prosperity has accompanied a high tariff, and that when low duties prevailed trade conditions were poor and frequently deplorable. I make no pretense of being expert as to reasons, but simply point to facts.

In many respects I agree with you as to the misfortune of reliance upon one man, and deplore the fact of the dominance of so strenuous a personality. I do not agree with Mr. Roosevelt in many of his theories of government, nor do I believe that the time is ripe for so complete a subversion of Constitutional foundations as he proposes.

Having thus expressed the *debit* side of Mr. Roosevelt's aim and ambition, let me briefly indicate the *contra credit*, justifying, as I confidently believe, the trifling support which I am giving to his candidacy. First—In spite of many items seeming wholly to the contrary, I regard Mr. Roosevelt as not only thoroughly in earnest, but honestly so. Second—Looking into the future (and a nearer future than may now seem probable), one may perceive quite clearly the advance of Marxian Socialism with immediate and enormous strides. Against this menace, which at any time may turn to Syndicalism—that is, develop revolutionary tendencies—I count the personality and policy of Theodore Roosevelt as the most available defense. I must assume, as a certainty of the future, the total subversion of all those guarantees of social order that have now for (say) four hundred years given to the Teutonic race increasing increments of liberty and happiness. In at least one country (New Zealand) Socialism is *un fait accompli*. In Germany it is probably only a question of another decade. England is on the verge of a revolt in political methods, not nominally but virtually Socialistic. With the mercurial temperament of the American populace it requires no great prophetic vision to forecast the probabilities.

Now, against this impending flood of change I regard Mr. Roosevelt and his Progressivism as—not a foil—but an ameliorator. I confidently regard his immense and powerful personality as, in the present restless upheaval, the best if not the sole defense against the swift encroachments of the power of the proletariat. I count upon this man to save us from an impending revolution. I count upon his policies and personality, not to avert the change, which will inevitably come in spite of any policy, any personality, but—in one brief phrase—to *let us down easy*, to dissipate in harmless induction the catastrophe of a war of classes.

You speak of Mr. Roosevelt (if elected) not having ten per cent of Congress with him. On

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the surface this looks true. In fact, however, he will have a majority. A man who could, by mere force of character, compel the coal barons, led by Mr. Baer, to agree with Mr. Mitchell to settle the great coal strike, a man who could compel Russia and Japan to forego their quarrel and lap mild milk out of the same platter, will not be at a loss for either arguments or forces. Depend upon it, he will have the country with him, and should a combination of reactionary Republicans and Democrats undertake to thwart Progress, at the election of November, 1914, these will be sent whirling out of the House of Representatives as shreds of thistledown in a gale.

I favor Mr. Roosevelt not so much for what he favors as for what he is and for what he really represents. I make no profession of the gift of prophecy, but I believe that he will be elected; that the people will ignore old-party lines as never before. I believe that he will carry every far-Western State, every mid-Western, probably Tennessee, North Carolina and Louisiana at least, happily disrupting that "Solid South" so long a foolish sentiment and absurd anachronism.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM J. ROE.

PROMPT JUSTICE

In the City Court of Montgomery, Criminal Division, over which Judge Thomas presided many years, charging grand juries against permitting evasions of the law and urging petit juries to do their duty, there has recently been a signal instance of speedy enforcement of the law. One Walter Jones, who had before killed several men without punishment and had terrorized portions of an adjoining county, against whom a charge of arson was about to be investigated by the grand jury of that county, went into a railway coach as it was slowly moving out of the station in this city, and, pushing his shot-gun through a partly open door, fired two shots into a good citizen, who was a witness against him, and killed him instantly. The grand jury of this county happened to be in session, and within eighteen hours after the murder Jones was indicted for murder in the first degree. Twelve days later he was put on trial. Within six hours all preliminary matters were disposed of and a petit grand jury selected, of which no man could reasonably complain. On the fifth day of the trial, after deliberating only an hour, the jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree and fixed death as his punishment. On the next day he was sentenced to be hanged. Of course an appeal is to be taken to the Supreme Court, which cannot be heard till December. He was assisted by powerful friends with plenty of money, aided by detectives, and represented by able counsel. This speaks well for law enforcement—so far as the lower court goes.

B.

THE PASTOR AND YOUNG PEOPLE

I have been much interested in an article in a recent issue of The Outlook by Dr. William A. Bartlett, on "The Pastor and His Young Folks," and could wish that all pastors could find, as Dr. Bartlett has, how easily practicable it is to win the hearts of the boys and girls.

May I be allowed to say that the very object of the Christian Endeavor Society is and has been from the beginning to open a way of approach from the young people to the pastor. The first Society began in just such friendly and intimate relations as Dr. Bartlett has described; and scarcely a week goes by that I do not receive a testimony from some pastor (and often from many) that through his Endeavor Society he has been able to become "chummy" with the young people, to know their hearts, and to provide for their recreations as well as for their spiritual development.

That this is not only possible but is actually accomplished in thousands of Christian Endeavor Societies where the pastor is young-hearted and sympathetically interested in the young people, is proved by these letters which are constantly coming to me, telling how the pastor goes with his Society on "hikes," umpires for them the tennis and baseball game, guides them in their reading, and is never considered an uncomfortable presence in their prayer-meeting.

I am moved to speak of this, for I find that the idea prevails in some quarters, and is intimated in Dr. Bartlett's article, that the Christian Endeavor Society is a stiff and rigid affair, with inflexible rules which are like the laws of the Medes and Persians; whereas, on the other hand, it is the most flexible organization in the Church. It can turn its hand to anything. It can undertake any new work that is desired. It can furnish any recreation for the young people of which the church and the pastor approve. It can help any good cause.

There are tens of thousands of such societies in every part of the world, and more and more the young people are coming to see what a natural thing religion is, and how it enters into every detail of daily life.

For this reason, nearly eighty thousand Societies have found their way into the churches of all denominations and of all nations, and most of them (if painstaking efforts to obtain the facts are to be credited) enjoy more than "moderately successful" meetings. These meetings are, as a rule, attended not only by the "initiated," but by many other young people who are attracted by the fact that they are not "preached at" or too obviously directed by the pastor and older people. Their religious expression is as natural an outcome of their lives as their games and sports.

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

President's Office,
United Society of Christian Endeavor,
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BY THE WAY

The beginning of autumn was marked by extreme variations of temperature in different parts of the country that usually appear on the weather maps with the same isothermal lines. Chicago had the hottest weather of the year, while furs were being worn at Newport and a long-distance swimming contest at Coney Island had to be abandoned when the swimmers succumbed to the cold.

The sanguinary headline, "Four Die in Fight Over Car-Fare," makes the newspaper reader expect the locality of the carnage to be Chicago, New York, or San Francisco; but on reading down the column he finds that this affray took place in the streets of Genoa, Italy. Imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery, but the Old World might do better than flatter the American weakness for reckless shooting.

At the recent meeting of the Negro Business League the most striking story of financial success was that of Watt Terry, a young Negro who in 1900 went from Virginia to Brockton, Massachusetts, with a capital of fifteen cents. He worked as coachman, janitor, porter, and shoemaker, and finally became a real estate broker. In the last-named occupation his success has been so great that at the present time he reports that his income ranges from $6,000 to $7,000 per month.

If a man is an invalid, and wishes to live, give him an engrossing task to perform. This is the lesson of the last months of General Grant's life, according to Mark Twain, as quoted in "Harper's Magazine." After the General finished his Memoirs, Mark Twain writes, "the lack of any strong interest to employ his mind enabled the tedious weariness to kill him. I think his book kept him alive several months."

An "armament trust" in Europe controls the armor-plate making business, according to "Shipping Illustrated." Its profits have been so large that "it has been stated that the ordnance and armor-plate contractors could well afford to build battle-ships and engines for nothing, deducting the cost thereof from the profits on guns and armor." The price of armor-plate in this country is said to be much less than in Europe, as attested by the awarding of various contracts.

Hundreds of locomotives on the Pennsylvania Railroad are now equipped for service as fire-engines, and during the last four years these engines have assisted at extinguishing 153 fires. In one instance nine of the engines were at a fire within seven minutes.

Americans sometimes think that it is only our country that is troubled with crude art in the form of graceless statues of public men. But occasionally at least Europeans are moved to protest against similar afflictions. The statues of Björnson and Ibsen in Christiania have evoked strong protest, and a movement has been started for their removal. Björnson's son declares that the statues "look like cheesemongers who have climbed up on a pile of their wares."

A government, says a writer in the "Twentieth Century Magazine," which tells you how to carry your umbrella, which forbids ladies who wear long hatpins to enter railway trains, which fines you if you throw cigar stubs or papers on the street, which does not permit your children to make a noise so that others are disturbed—such a government does restrict individual liberty, but just as certainly it enlarges the common liberties and pleasure of everybody. The government thus eulogized is that of Germany, which the writer quoted prefers to our "go-as-you-please" system.

The record for long and faithful attendance at Sunday-school seems to be held by Samuel K. Winterton, of Keyport, New Jersey, who last week completed his fiftieth year of regular attendance at the Sunday-school of the First Baptist Church. Mr. Winterton began this phenomenal record at the age of three. The methods of attracting scholars used in this Sunday-school ought to be made known. Or was Mr. Winterton just born with the Sunday-school habit?

"The encore nuisance," says the "Dramatic Mirror," "sustained a good setback at the performance of 'The Merry Countess' on the opening night. No matter how insistent the applause, there was no repetition of the song numbers." But it is in tragedy that the encore habit scores its worst victories. Some day we hope to see a race of tragedians developed with moral stamina enough to refuse to come smilingly before the curtain when a moment before they have been swimming in tears.

An automatic speed-detecting device for automobiles which would seem to be worth the attention of municipalities that are determined to suppress speeding is thus described: Three lights are to be provided on each car—white, green, and red. At a speed of eight miles an hour the white light will show; at fifteen miles, the green; at twenty miles, the red; and at more than twenty miles an hour all the lights will flash a warning that the speed law is being violated.

The United States will this year produce the greatest corn crop on record—nearly 3,000,000,000 bushels, it is estimated. This great crop is accompanied by a shortage of farm hands, some of whom, reports say, are being offered $4 a day in certain localities.

Buyers of antique furniture are advised by "House and Garden" that it is now almost impossible to "pick up" genuine antiques in this country, as the desirable specimens are nearly all in the hands of collectors or dealers. The best plan is to find a reliable dealer and from him buy the pieces "in the rough"—that is, before any restoration has been done by the aid of paint, varnish, recarving, etc.—for it seems that even the "reliable dealer" sometimes succumbs to the temptation to furbish up inferior pieces.

A correspondent who inquires as to where the famous summary of Webster's career by Rufus Choate may be found—the sentence being omitted from some of the collections which publish the speech—is referred to "The Works of Rufus Choate," by S. G. Brown. The sentence contains 1,259 words.

Among what may be described as manufactured jokes the following from an exchange is an ingenious specimen: "If Tennyson had lived in my suburb," said paterfamilias the other night as he ruefully contemplated his gas bill, "he would never have written, 'Honor the Light Brigade! honor the charge they made!' But perhaps gas companies had consciences in his day."

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